Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

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For the Saturday Evening Post.

Suggested by reading the Lines written by the late Col. T. Watkinson.

TO MARY.

"Come fill the cup—I'll drink to her;
I loved in youth beyond the" sea;
Where grow the laurel and the fir,
In the blest regions of the free.

With beat my heart,—my throbbing heart,
Within this aching breast of mine;
When fate decreed that we must part.
And I should leave my native clime.

"Come, fill the cup,"—I'll drink again,
Unto the fairest of the fair:
Who dwells beyond the rolling main,
And breathes the purest mountain air.

Ah! once upon that peaceful shore,
No happy once I roamed along;
And listened to the cat'ract's roar,
Or to the robin's rustic song.

But now far o'er the rolling main,
A stranger all forlorn I roam;
And cruel sorrow's aching pain
Hath made this breast of mine its home.

The sprightly youth, so happy then,
Alas! is strangely altered now;
A wanderer from the haunts of men,
And sorrow hath o'ercast his brow.

The loveliest banner of the free,
He carries firm within his hands,
While glorious death or liberty
Is written on his trusty brands.

But it shall spare, yes nobly spare,
The vanquished hero on the field;
It shall protect with guardian care
The virtuous and the brave that yield.

"Fill high the cup,"—fill it once more;
I'll drink to Mary once again:
"I'll drink to her" whom I adore,
Who dwells beyond the billowy main.

CAROLINE.

From the Keepsake.

THE BRIGHTON COACH.

BY THEODORE HOOK.

A friend, on whose veracity I can perfectly rely, told me the following story; whether a repetition of it may interest a reader, I cannot say; but I will hazard the experiment:

I was once (said my friend) placed in a situation of peculiar embarrassment; the event made a strong impression on me at the time—an impression, indeed, which has lasted ever since.

Those who know as well as I do, and have known as long as I have known, that once muddy, shabby, dirty, fishing-town on the Sussex coast, which has grown, under the smiles and patronage of our late beloved king, into splendour and opulence, called Brighton, will be aware that there run to it and from it, divers and sundry most admirable public conveyances in the shape of stage coaches; that the rapid improvements of that sort of travelling have, during late years, interfered with, and greatly injured the trade of posting; and that people of the first respectability think it no shame to pack themselves up in a Brighton coach, and step out of it at Charing-cross exactly five hours after they have stepped into it, in Castle-square.

The gallant guy Stevenson, with his prancing greys under perfect command, used to attract a crowd to see him start; and now, although he, poor fellow, is gone that journey whence no traveller returns, Goodman still survives, and the "Times" still does [illegible] scene of my embarrassment I said; and to that I must hasten, neat, and expeditious equipage must I endeavour to attract your attention for some ten minutes.

It was one day in the autumn of 1829, just as the Pavilion clock was striking three, that I stepped into Mr. Goodman's coach. In it I found already a thin stripling enveloped in a fur pelisse, the only distinguishing mark of whose sex was a tuft of moustachio on his upper lip. He wore a travelling cap on his head, girt with a golden band, and eyed me and his other fellow-traveller as though we had been of a different race of beings from himself.

That other fellow-traveller I took to be a small attorney. He was habited in a drab great coat, which matched his round, fat face in colour, his hair, too, was drab, and his hat was drab; his features were those of a young pig; and his recreation through the day was sucking barley-sugar, to which he perpetually kept helping himself from a neat, white paper parcel of the luscious commodity, which he had placed in the pocket of the coach window.

There was one other passenger to take up, and I began wondering what it would be like, and whether it would be male or female, old or young, handsome or ugly, when my speculations were speedily terminated by the arrival of an extremely delicate, pretty woman, attended by her maid. The lady was dressed in the extreme of plainness, and yielded the palm of gaiety to her soubrette, who mounted by the side of Mr. Goodman, at the moment that her mistress placed herself next my pig-faced friend and opposite to me.

It does not require half a second of time to see and know and understand what sort of woman it is who is thus brought in juxtaposition with one. The turn of her mind may be ascertained by the way she seats herself in her corner; her dispositions, by the look she gives to her companions; and her character—but perhaps that may require a minute or two more.

The lady in question cast a hasty glance around her, merely, as it should seem, to ascertain if she were personally acquainted with any of her companions. She evidently was not; and her eyes sank from the inquiring gaze around the party upon a black silk bag which lay on her lap. She was about four or five-and-twenty; her eyes were blue and her hair fair; it hung carelessly over her forehead, and the whole of her costume gave evidence of a want of attention to what is called "setting one's self off to the best advantage."—She was tall—thin—pale; and there was a sweet expression in her countenance which I shall never forget; it was mild and gentle, and seemed to be formed to its plaintive cast by suffering—and yet why should one so lovely be unhappy?

As the clock struck, we started. The sudden turn of the team round the corner of North-street and Church-street brought a flush of colour into her cheeks; she was conscious of the glow which I was watching; she seemed ashamed of her own timidity. She looked up to see if she was observed; she saw she was, and looked down again.

All this happened in the first hundred and seventy yards of a journey of fifty-two miles and a half.

My pig-faced friend, who sucked his barley-sugar sonorously, paid little attention to any body, or any thing, except himself; and, in pursuance of that amiable tenderness, pulled up the window at his side. The lady, like the beau in the fur coat, laid her delicate head back in the corner of the coach, and slept, or seemed to sleep.

The horror I felt lest my pig-faced friend should consider it necessary to join in any conversation which I might venture to originate with my unknown beauty opposite, kept me quiet; and I "ever and anon" looked anxiously towards the vacant features, in hopes to see the two grey unmeaning things which served him for eyes, closed in a sweet and satisfactory slumber. But no; although he spoke not, and, if one may judge by countenances, thought not, still he kept awake and ready, as it should seem, to join in a conversation which he had not courage to begin.

And so we travelled on, and not one syllable was exchanged until we reached Crawley.—There my heart was much relieved. At Handscrest we had dropped the cornet with the tufts; horses were ready to convey him to some man's house to dinner; and, when we were quitting Crawley, I saw my excellent demolisher of barley-sugar mount a regular Sussex buggy, and export himself to some town or village out of the line of our road.

I here made a small effort at ice-breaking with my delicate companion, who consorted with her maid at one end of the room, while I, with one or two more sensualists from the outside, was refreshing myself with some cold fowl and salad. I ventured to ask her whether she would allow me to offer her some wine and water. Hang it, thought I, if we stand upon gentility in a stage coach journey, smart as the things are, we shall never part sociably. She seemed somewhat of the same opinion, for she smiled. I shall never forget it: it seemed on her placid countenance, like sunshine amidst showers—she accepted my proffered draught.

"I rather think," said I, "we shall travel alone for the rest of the journey—our communicative friends have left us."

She made no answer; but from the sort of expression which passed over her features, I was very sorry I had made the remark. I was in the greatest possible alarm lest she should require the presence of her maid to play propriety; but no, she had no such notion.

A summons from Mr. Goodman soon put the party in motion, and in a few minutes we were again on our journey—the dear interesting creature and myself *tete-a-tete*.

"Have you been long at Brighton?" said I.

"Some time," replied the lady—"some months indeed." Here came a pause.

"You reside in London, I presume?" said I.

"In the neighbourhood," replied the lady; at the same time drawing off the glove of her left hand (which, by the way, was as white as snow,) to smooth one of her eyebrows, as it appeared by what she actually did with it, but as I thought, to exhibit to my sight, the golden badge of union which encircled its third finger.

"And," said I, "have you been living alone at Brighton so long?"

"Oh, no!" said the stranger; "my husband has only left me during the last few weeks, and has now summoned me home, being unable to rejoin me on the coast."

"Happy man!" said I, "to expect such a wife."

Now there did not seem much in this common place bit of folly, for I meant it for little else than jest, to summon up a thousand feelings, and excite a thousand passions—to raise a storm, and cause a flood of tears. But so it was—my companion held down her head to conceal her grief, and the big drops fell from her beautiful eyes.

"Good God!" said I, "have I said any thing to induce this emotion?—what have I done?—forgive me—believe me, if I have erred, it has been unintentionally—I—"

"Don't speak to me," said the sufferer—"it is not your fault—you are forgiven—my heart is full, very full—and a word that touches the chord which vibrates to its very centre, sadly affects me—pray—pray, let go my hand—and believe me I am not angry with you—I am to blame."

"But," said I—not implicitly obeying the injunction about letting go her hand: because what harm can holding a hand do?—"you must be more explicit before I can be satisfied with forgiveness—you have occasioned an interest which I cannot controul, you have excited feelings which I cannot subdue—I am sure you are unhappy, and that I have referred to something which—"

"Pray, pray ask me nothing," said my agitated companion; "I have betrayed myself—but I am sure, quite sure," added she—and *I do* think I felt a sort of gentle pressure of my hand at the moment—"that you will not take advantage of a weakness of which I ought to be ashamed."

"You may rely upon me," said I, "that so far as you may choose to trust me, you are safe; and you may believe, that any anxiety I may express to know more of your affairs, arises from an [illegible] which you had excited even before you spoke."

"What would you think of a woman," said she, "who should open her heart to a stranger? or, what sympathy could sorrows excite, which might be told by her after an hour's acquaintance? No, no; let me remain unknown to you, as I am. Let us talk on ordinary topics, and let us part friends—but not to meet again."

Not much in the habit of making conquests, and not being of that particular "shape and make" to be fallen in love with, at first sight, I confess this appeal seemed extraordinary. It was clear, from whatever cause arising I could not pretend to divine, that I had somehow prepossessed my companion in my favour; and certainly, if any thing in the world could have induced me to resolve to meet this interesting creature again, and again, it was her expressed desire that such a thing should not occur. I wonder if she anticipated the effect of her prohibition when she announced it!

"Friends!" said I, "why should we not part friends? Why should we not live friends? Let me implore you, tell me more of yourself—that is all I ask."

"Good God!" said she, raising her blue eyes towards Heaven, "is it possible that my pride and spirit should be so broken, so worked upon, that I could consent to admit of such a conversation with a stranger? How strangely do events operate upon the human mind!"

"Gentle spirits should be gently treated," said I. "I fear some rude hand has broken in upon the rest that beings like you should enjoy?"

"Oh," said she, "if I could tell you—and I believe I must—to justify myself for conduct which must appear to you so wild, so extraordinary, so unbecoming—oh why, why did those people leave us together?"

I said nothing to this, because I could not exactly guess why they did; but that they had done so, I confess, I did not so much regret as my companion *said* she did.

"If my poor mother could look from heaven," said she, "and see me degraded as I am, what would she think of all the love and care expended upon me in my infancy and youth?"

This last touch was rather wounding to my vanity; because, although the lady might consider herself somewhat let down in the world by travelling in a stage-coach, I thought it a little unkind to refer to the circumstance while I was her fellow-passenger.

"If," said I, "you will so far trust me as to confide your sorrows to me, I pledge myself to secrecy, and even to pursue any course which you may suggest for relieving them."

"My story is brief," said my companion; "promise me not to refer to it at any future period during my life—that is, if we should ever meet after to-day, and I *will* trust you."

Here the pressure of the hand was unequivocal; and by a corresponding, yet perhaps more fervent token, I sealed the compact between us.

"I am the daughter," said she, "of a general officer, who with my exemplary mother resided chiefly in Somersetshire. The cares and attention of my parents were affectionately devoted to the education and improvement of their only child, and I became, as they have a thousand times said, the blessing of their declining years. I was scarcely seventeen when I lost my father, and his death produced not only a change of circumstances in our family, but a change of residence. My mother and myself removed to Bath. There we resided until we were induced to visit the Continent, where—I am ashamed to go on—a nobleman became my avowed admirer, and made me an offer of marriage. His rank was exalted, his fortune large, but I could not love him: was I *wrong* in refusing to marry him?"

"Assuredly not," said I, amazed at the animation which sparkled in eyes that lately flowed with tears, while she referred to the proper feeling and spirit she had exhibited in refusing a man she could not love.

"That refusal," continued the lady, "my poor mother could not forgive; she never did forgive it, and I believe that her anger is still over me, for what I have since suffered seems like a curse. My mother's disapprobation of my refusal of this desirable match had a complicated origin. She believed, and rightly too, that I discarded her favourite, not only upon the negative feeling of indifference or dislike towards him, but because I secretly preferred another. She was right—"

"And you—"

"Stay," interrupted she—"hear me out—as I have begun, you shall know all. I did love another, a being all candour, openness, honour, and principle; talented, accomplished, gay, full of feeling, and generous to a fault. His name my mother would not hear me mention. She expelled him our house, excluded him from my society. What then?—trick and evasion on my part supplanted obedience and sincerity. The house of a friend afforded opportunities for our meeting which my own denied—my youthful spirit could not bear restraint—we eloped and were married."

"And thus you secured your happiness," said I.

"Happiness!" said my companion; and never shall I forget the expression of bitterness, sorrow, and remorse which animated her countenance as she pronounced the word. "Misery—misery beyond redemption! My mother died two years after my ill-fated union with the man of my choice; and died without forgiving me my sad error. 'No,' said my angry parent; 'she has chosen her course and must follow it, and when I am in my cold grave she will repent, and I hope be forgiven.'"

"But how were your prospects of happiness blighted?" said I.

"Ah!" said my companion, "there is the point—there is the story which I dare not tell. Can I betray my husband? Can I accuse him? Can I commit him to a stranger?"

"Being to a stranger," said I, "and one who, according to your own commands, is likely to remain a stranger to him always, you surely may."

"Then hear me," said the lady: "we had scarcely been married three years when, by some fatality to me wholly unaccountable, he became infatuated by a woman—woman I must call her—who led him into gaieties without his wife; who, fascinated by his agreeable qualities, became the monarch of his affections, the controller of his actions, and who, not satisfied with others attracting him from his home and all its ties, excited in his breast the fiercest jealousy against me."

"Shocking!" said I; and I thought so as I looked at the bewitching creature; not but that I must confess I did not see the entire impossibility of the existence of causes for her husband's apprehension, considering the confidential manner in which she communicated all her sorrows to me.

"Treatment the most barbarous followed this," said my companion; "a disbelief in my assertions, expressed contemptuously, marked all his answers to any request I made to him. The actions and conduct of my life were examined and discussed, until at length he sent me to the coast to live under the roof of his mother, while he was constantly domesticated with the vile partner of his gaieties and dissipations. Is not this enough to break a heart, or is it not enough to drive a woman to the commission of the very crimes with which she finds herself unjustly charged?"

Upon this last part of my fair friend's inquiry as to the *lex talionis*, I could have but one opinion to give, and agreed cordially in her view of a case to which, as it appeared to me, she had devoted some considerable portion of her attention.

"But," said I, "you are now returning home?"

"I am," replied the lady; "because the rival I am doomed to bear with is no longer in London, and because the avocations of my husband will not permit him to visit Paris, whither she is gone. He thinks I am ignorant of all this, and thinks that I am a dupe to all his artifices: and why should I undeceive him?"

"This rival," said I, "must be a very potent personage, if *you* are unable to break the charm which fascinates your husband, or dispel the influence which she has over him. You *must* have the power, if you have the will to do so."

"No," said she; "my power is gone—his heart is lost to me, and is inaccessible by me. Oh! [illegible]—[illegible] but my words *were* music, but whose mind is steeled and poisoned against me!—No human being can tell what I have suffered—what I *do* suffer!"

It was clear I had now arrived at the conclusion of the story; all that remained was to make the application, or deduce the moral; and, I honestly confess, it appeared to me, that notwithstanding the object of her journey from her mother-in-law's house at Brighton was to rejoin her spouse in London, she would gladly have availed herself of any seasonable opportunity of changing the place of her destination. In fact, I had involved myself more deeply than I anticipated, for, having become a *confidante*, and having volunteered being a cavalier, I apprehended that in a minute or two I should be called forth as a champion, and, like another knight-errant, have the outraged Damosel placed under my especial care.

I confess I was now rather anxious to ascertain who my fair friend was, and what her surname—her christian name I had discovered to be Fanny. This discovery I made when she was recapitulating, more at length than I have thought it necessary to do, the dialogues between herself and her late respectable mother, in which I observed that, speaking in the maternal character, she called herself by that pretty and simple name, which never was better suited to a human being than herself. The animation and exertion of talking, and the excitement to which part of her narrative had given rise, together with the effect of the air on a delicate skin, had lighted up her sweet countenance, and I was just on the point of taking a very decisive step in the affair, when the coach suddenly stopped and the door being opened, a portly lady, with a bandbox, and a bouquet as big as a gooseberry-bush, picked on purpose for her, as she told us, was squeezed by the high-pressure power of Mr. Goodman's right hand into the coach. She was followed by a pale faced girl of about ten years of age, with a smaller-sized bouquet, a basketful of sweetheart-cakes, and a large phial full of weak red wine and water.

That I was sorry for the interruption I must candidly admit; but if the new-comers had been quiescent, it would have been more bearable, as I might have had time and leisure to consider what I had heard, and revolve in my mind not only the sad case of the fascinating creature before me, but to decide as to what step I myself should take, when we came to the place of parting.

It is curious to see how soon a feeling of sympathy, or congeniality, or whatever else it may be, renders strangers intimate; and when that sort of intimacy has begun, how it continues and shows itself by comparison with the conduct observed to the next strangers who appear. I and my fair friend were upon such good terms with each other, and so distant to the people who had just joined us, that the big lady and the little girl no doubt took us, if not for man and wife, at least for intimates of many years' standing: and then to see, the moment they came in, the care with which my fellow traveller put her bonnet straight and pulled her tippet round her, and put her bag in order, just as if she were before company!—The contrast was very flattering to me, and so might have been much more of her conversation, but that she maintained it, in a low tone, so as not to be heard by the strangers. forgetting, I conclude, that the pitch of voice which rendered it inaudible to them, left me equally ill-informed.

"Pray, sir," said the big lady, "when does this here coach git to the Olephant and Castle?"

"At a little past eight," said I.

"We goes through Kinnington, I believe," said the lady.

"We do."

"If it is quite agreeable, sir," continued the awful dame, "to your good lady to have that ere window up, I should be uncommon obliegated, because my little Emily Lawinia is just out of the scarlet fever, and I am afeard of her taking cold."

The combination of blunders in this little speech set the late weeping Fanny into a laugh; for there was in the corner of her eye that playful sparkle which no grief can quite subdue. She was as readily alive to fun as assailable by sorrow; and so it is with all people who feel strongly; for, as Moore says, in one of his melodies,

"The heart that is quickest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns."

The plump lady, however, found that she had made some mistake; and not at all taking into the account that people in general do not very much approve of shutting themselves up in a coach, hermetically sealed, with patients in the scarlet fever, set me and my "good lady" down as two proud conceited upstarts, and revenged herself, to our utter dismay, by dispensing the sorrows of silence, in enjoying the solace of peppermint lozenges, one of which she herself took, and administered another to her darling pet on the opposite seat; so that while my companion was gratified by the redolence of the fragrant herb, through the medium of the old lady, I was indulged by the more active and efficient exertions of the living anatomy next her.

The coach rattled on, and I beheld my opposite neighbour no longer as a stranger. She leaned forward just as we passed Kennington turnpike, and asked me whether I went on to Charing Cross, or left the coach at the Elephant and Castle. I told her that I stuck by the ship to the last, and hoped she would permit me to assist her in securing her luggage. It was at this period, in the midst of the jangle of the vehicle, and the clatter of the macadamized road, that I endeavoured to induce her to tell me her name. This she positively refused. Then I looked about for the superscription of a letter, which sometimes very inflexible ladies let slip; and thus, one gets in a moment, accidentally, what worlds would not tempt them deliberately to disclose; but no, it was too dark to read writing: yet I was so convinced that she actually held a card ready to give me, that I endeavored gently to force her delicate right hand open, in order to obtain the desired information. But I found I was wrong; she seemed determined, either that I should know nothing more of her, or if I did, that I should at least have the trouble or pleasure, as the case might be, of hunting after my intelligence.

Failing in the main point of my inquiries, I endeavoured to ascertain what part of London she resided in, and tried every street, square, row and corner, from Grove-road, Paddington, to Dog-row, Whitechapel, in order to excite an affirmative nod, and one of those bewitching smiles which I began to love—but no. Well, thought I, the time must come when you must go, and then I shall follow; and so, if you choose to be silent and uncommunicative, and dignified and disagreeable, I can be revenged upon you; not that I could believe a woman who would generously confide the sorrows of her heart to a man, could be ill-natured enough to withhold the trifling addition of telling him where that heart was doomed to beat.

The moment arrived, and we reached the Elephant and Castle. The sudden check of Goodman's team took my poor Fanny by surprise, and threw her forward, so as to bring her somewhat in contact with myself; but the lamps of the coach had been lighted at Smiteer's-bottom, and we were in the dark, compared with objects without; and never shall I forget the hurried scramble into which she "righted herself," as her eye glanced on a countenance outside the carriage, brightly illuminated by the lamp on that side—she seemed thunderstruck.

"My God!" said she, "here's Charles!"

"Who the devil is Charles?" said I.

"Hush!—my husband," replied the lady, "he's coming—I'm so glad these people are in the coach."

The door opened, and a hand was introduced.

"Fanny!" said the master of that hand, in a soft tone of endearment.

"Here I am, love," said my companion.

"Alone?—what—quite full?" said the husband.

"Yes dear," said the wife; "and so tired. I never was so glad to get out of a coach in my life."

In a moment I thought I recognized the voice of the husband. I coiled myself into the corner. She would have [illegible] but [illegible] for, and the moment it came, I beheld, in the object of all my indignation, and the cause of all her sorrow—the oldest friend of my life—Charles Franklin.

"Why," exclaimed he, the moment he recognized me, "is that you!—fellow traveller with my wife, and not known to each other. This is curious!"

"Franklin," said I, in a sort of tremor.

"Do you know my husband, sir?" said the lady—"how very strange!"

Yes, thought I, I wish it were impossible.

"I have not seen you these ten years," said Franklin. "Come home with us—you must and shall—I——"

"Indeed," said I—"I——"

"Oh, come, come," said Franklin, "you can have no engagement—you shall have no engagement to supersede this. I rejoice in having found you after so long a separation"—and then Mr. Franklin introduced me to his wife in due form, much to the astonishment of our fellow travellers, at the other side of the coach, who concluded, by what they had seen, as indeed they had shown by what they had said, that we were, if actually not man and wife, two of the oldest and most intimate possible friends.

I have a melting heart in the way of a proposition from a friend, especially when it is made under extraordinary circumstances, like those preceded Franklin's; but altogether, I sincerely declare that I never was more embarrassed in my existence. I still wished to see the adventure through, and behold my Nubee in her own domicil. I looked to my charming companion for a telegraphic signal. If she had frowned a negative, I should have repeated the signal, and strenuously declined going; but by the glare of the lamp at the inn door, I thought I saw affirmative in the glance of her eye, which induced me to believe that my visit would not annoy her; and so, really, rather than doom her to a *tete-a tete* with her tyrant—though he was my friend—I consented to put myself in a position as irksome almost as position could be.

We left the coach—my trips from Brighton being periodical and frequent, I had no luggage, and we proceeded, with the maid and the bandboxes, to my friend's house—of course I shall be excused mentioning the locality—but it was one of the prettiest *bijous* I ever saw: good taste predominated in every part of its decorations, and I soon discovered, by certain drawings, which were pendent on the walls, that my fair companion was an artist, while the piano forte and harp bespoke her, (as she had indeed informed me she was,) accomplished in other sciences.

After a suitable delay of preparation, such as taking off things, and refreshing, and all that, our dinner was served—nothing could be nicer or neater.

Fanny, dearest," said Franklin, "let me give you this wing; I know, my life, you like it."

"No Charles, dear, not a bit more, thank you," said Fanny.

"Come, love, a glass of wine with me," said Charles, "'tis an old fashion, but we have been apart some weeks, so our friend will excuse it."

"To be sure he will," said Fanny, and they drank to each other with looks admirably suited to the action.

"How strange it is," said Franklin, "that after so long a separation we should meet in this extraordinary manner, and that Fanny should not have found you out, or that you should not have discovered her?"

"Why, my dear Charles," said Mrs. Franklin, strangers do not talk to each other in stage coaches."

"Very true, my angel," said Mr. Franklin, "but some accident might have brought your name to his ears, or his to yours."

While all this was going on, I sat in a state of utter amazement. Charles Franklin and I had been schoolfellows, and continued friends to a certain period of life; he was all that his wife had described him to be, in the earlier part of his life, but I confess I saw none of the heartlessness, the suspicion, the neglect, the violence, the inattention of which she also spoke; nor did I perceive, in the bright animated look of pleasure which beamed over her intelligent countenance, the slightest remains of the grief and sorrow by which she had been weighed down on the journey.

"Do you feel tired, my Fanny?" said Franklin.

"No, dear, replied the lady, "not very, now, but those coaches are so small when there are four people in them, that one gets cramped."

Here I felt a sort of tingling sensation behind my ears, anticipatory of what appeared to me to be a very natural question on the part of Franklin, as to whether we had been full during the whole journey; Mrs. Franklin however, saw in a moment the false move she had made, and therefore directed the thoughts of her barbarous husband from the subject, by telling him she had a letter for him from dear mamma—meaning his mother, under whose surveillance she had been forcibly immured at Brighton.

About this period, Fanny retired, and proceeded to the drawing-room, cautioning us as she departed, "not to be long." Charles flew to the door, and opened it for his departing fair—he accompanied her beyond its threshold, and I thought I heard a sound of something very like a kiss, as they parted.

"How strange it is," said he, resuming his seat, and pushing the wine towards me, "that you should have thus accidentally fallen in with Fanny!—she is very pretty; don't you think so?"

"More than pretty," surely said I; "there is an intelligence, an expression, a manner about her, to me quite captivating."

"If you were present when she is animated," said her husband, "you would see that playfulness of countenance, or rather the variety of expression, to advantage; her mind lights up her features wonderfully; there is no want of spirit about her, I can assure you."

"I was quite surprised when I heard of your elopement," said I.

"Her mother," said Charles, "an old woman as proud as Lucifer, was mad after a title for her, and some old broken down Lord had been wheedled, or coaxed, or cajoled, or flattered into making her an offer, which she would not accept, and then the old lady led her such a life, that she made up her mind to the step which made her mine."

"And ensured your happiness," said I.

"Why, yes," said Franklin, "upon my word, taking all things into the scale, I see no cause to repent the step. Between ourselves—of course I speak as an old friend—Fanny has not the very best temper in the world, and of late has taken it into her head to be jealous. An old acquaintance of mine, whom I knew long before I was married, has been over here from France, and I have been a good deal about with her, during her stay; and as I did not think her quite a person to introduce to Fanny, she took huff at my frequent absence from home, and begun to play off a sort of retaliation, as she fancied it, with a young lieutenant of Lancers, of our acquaintance. I cut that matter very short; I proposed an excursion to Brighton, to visit my mother, to which she acceded, and when I had settled her out of reach of her young hero, and under the eye of my mamma, I returned to fulfil my engagements in London. And now that this fair obstacle to her happiness, has returned to the continent, I have recalled my better half."

"You seem, however, to understand each other pretty well," said I.

"To be sure," replied Charles, "the only point is to keep her in good humour, for, *entre nous*, her temper is the very devil—once know how to manage that, and all goes well, and I flatter myself I have ascertained the mode of doing that to a nicety."

Whether it was that Fanny was apprehensive that, under the genial influence of her husband's wine, or upon the score of old friendship, I might let slip some part of the day's adventure, I know not, but we were very early summoned to coffee, and I confess I was by no means displeased at the termination of a conversation, which every moment I expected would take some turn that would inevitably produce a recurrence to the journey, and perhaps, eventually, tend to be-

We repaired to the drawing room. Fanny was reclining on the sofa, looking as fascinating as ever I saw a lady look.

"Charles, dearest," said she, I thought you would never come up; you and your friend must have had something very interesting to talk about, to detain you so long."

"We did'nt think it long, Fan," said Charles, "because we really were talking on a very interesting subject—we were discussing you."

"Oh, my dear Charles!" exclaimed the lady, "you flatter me; and what did he say of me?" said she, addressing me.

"That," said I, "I cannot tell you; I never betray any thing that is told me in confidence."

Her looks explained that she was particularly glad to hear me say so, and the smile which followed, was gracious in the extreme.

"Now," said Charles, "that you have thus strangely found your way here, I hope we shall see you often."

"And I hope so, too," said Mrs. Franklin; "I really believe sometimes that things, which we blind mortals call chance, are preordained. I was not coming by the coach in which I met you, nor should I have been in it, if the other coach had not been full, and then—"

"I should have lost the pleasure," said I, "of seeing an old friend enjoying the delights of domestic happiness."

Here Fanny gave me a look, expressive of the perfect misery of her condition; and Charles, whose back was turned towards us at the instant, in coming up the room again, while her back was turned to him, made a sort of face, something between the sorrowful and the grotesque, which I shall never forget, but which indicated, most unequivocally, what his feelings on the subject were.

Shortly after this, the happy pair began to be so excessively kind and tender to each other, that I thought it was quite time to beat a retreat, and accordingly took my leave, earnestly pressed by both parties to repeat my visit as often as I could, and to let them see as much of me as possible. I returned them my warmest thanks for their kindness, but named no day for my return, and wished them good night.

I have not been there since. I called indeed once, and Charles called on me, but I have been little in London during the last season, and they have been much in the country. I could not have equitably maintained an intimacy with them, for I felt that neutrality would be quite out of the question; thus, although the occurrence of my old friendship with Charles Franklin has been productive of no very satisfactory results, as relate to ourselves personally, it has given me an additional light in my path through the world, and now, whenever I see a picture of perfect happiness presented to my eyes, affection on one side, and devotion on the other, assiduity met by kindness, and solicitude repaid with smiles, instead of feeling my heart glow with rapture at the beautiful scene before me, I instantly recollect that I once travelled to London in the *Brighton Coach*.

I LOVE MY LOVE!

I love my Love—I love her true,
As faithful as the star
Which in steady light,
To the ocean's mariner,
In the darkling night.
I love my love!

I love my love—I love her true,
I love her fondly—well
And eyes, though weak,
Yet language speak,
And her own pure heart's thoughts tell,
She loves as well!

I love my love—oh! should I ever
Forsake her radiant shrine;
May misery
Await on me,
Sweet peace be never mine.
I love my love!

I love my love—no idle flame,
No careless passion cure;
But holy truth
Enthroned in youth,
Whose path is strew'd with flowers;
Our hopes and our joys mount on life's buoyant wave,
Together arise, and both sink in one grave!

The virtues are all parts of a circle. Whatever is humane, is wise; whatever is wise, is just; whatever is just and humane, will be found to be the interest of States, whether criminals or foreign enemies be the objects of legislation.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE CAGED BIRD.

Sweet Bird! I fain would set thee free.
Prisons are gloomy things to me;
Thy notes, so soft, so sweet, so clear,
They please, and yet they pain my ear!

In sweetest strains they seem to tell
Of distant bowers, where kindred dwell;
Of towering rocks; of limpid streams;
Of shady groves; and sunny beams;

Of nests,—(the work of mutual care,)
And of the love existing there:
And then, I seem to hear thee say,
"Those joys from me are far away!

"I never yet have stretch'd my wing
Beyond the cage in which I sing;
Though form'd by Nature to be free,
Yet am I bound by Man's decree.

The notes I pour into his ear,
Serve but to keep me faster here;
He sees me prune my little wing,
Yet smiles when to the wires I cling.

Though nature shews to every eye
That wings were given birds to fly;
Yet Nature, Sympathy, and Love
All fall the tyrant man to move."

Sweet Bird! As thou hast ne'er been free
Nor shar'd the bliss of Liberty,
Some bitter pangs escape thy breast
And thus thou partially art blest.

Yet let not man his guilt conceal
Mothers' pangs thou dost not feel;
If Nature (stronger than his power)
Gives in the cage a *joyful hour*.

Wert thou incapable of joy,
That thought would all my pain destroy;
But thy capacity, to me
Proclaims *thy right to Liberty*.

Cages are not to bird's confin'd,
Tyrant; there are who cage the mind,
Mark out its bounds, and decree
The mind of man shall not be free.

J. W.

EVERARD GRAHAM.—A PRIZE TALE.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, OF PHILADELPHIA.

"Take back the bowl—take back the bowl—
Reserve it for polluted lips—
I would not bow a stainless soul,
Beneath its dark and foul eclipse."

John Greenleaf Whittier.

There are evils in the earth, upon which the eloquence of the Orator, the lyre of the Poet, and the deep and over-wrought touches of the pencil and the pen, have dwelt almost in vain. In their description, the wealth of language is turned into penury;—the darkest drain of anguish and distress, but faintly shadows forth the stern and moving reality. The strong and emphatic language of Holy Writ, the burning words of David and of Solomon, are almost impuissant when they are employed in painting the awful horrors of infidel unbelief, and that destruction of the body and soul which follows in the train of Protean Drunkenness.

Infidelity and Intemperance go hand in hand. They bid the spirit of youth bow down at an unholy shrine; and the sweetest affections, the dearest hopes and fondest visions of earth are offered up as incense to the mysterious divinity of Unbelief. This is no ideal picture; the wide world is full of the afflictions that are summoned up like clouds around the devious pathway of the Blasphemer and the Drunkard. The red wine brightens alluringly in the goblet; the shadowy illusions of the sceptic come but for a little season with a soothing unction to his mind; but anon there steals to the one, the wormwood dregs of bitter regret; to the other, the clouds which obscure the sunshine of hope which spread a mournful curtain over the beautiful scenes of human existence, and create unutterable forebodings of that undiscovered country beyond the land of Death.

I have little hope that the Tale which I am about to relate, will cause any to release the deped in the empyreal fire of heaven, that I might show the light which they reject who turn from the word of inspiration. I would I might gather upon canvass, the darkness of the midnight cloud, and the fierce lightning of the tempest: I would form a panorama of terrors, which should shadow forth to the mad votary of Bacchus, and the victim of Unbelief, the abyss of destruction upon which they are rushing; which should say to them, "Turn ye at my reproof, and heed not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

It was a stormy evening in January, 18—, when my friend EVERARD GRAHAM and myself were seated by our comfortable grate, in the seminary of G——. The coal was reddening behind the bars of its prison; and the cheerfulness of our little room was enhanced by the storm without. We had but lately come up from recitations and prayers in the chapel, and had for some time been seated in silence, each indulging in our respective thoughts. The snow came pattering gently against the windows; and by way of beguiling the time, I arose and breathed upon a pane, and wrote thereon my humble initials.—Without, the scene was troublous and uninviting. The wide stretching inland was obscured by the thick wing of the wintry tempest; the wild anthem of the night-wind was loud and dissonant; and I soon found that the shadows of the scene around me, were gathering over my mind. My thoughts went forth amidst the curtained skies of Evening, and mighty ideas of infinity and boundless space—the mystery of the air—the distance whence the little motes of snow had fallen; and I was absorbed in meditation.

I was roused from my reverie by the entrance of a lad bearing a letter. I stepped forward;—it was for my friend. His large hazle eye was lit up pleasantly, and a kindly smile of unwonted delight passed over his brow and cheek. He had for some days been moody and restless;—and I marked his emotions of pleasure with a lively enjoyment, to which an instant before I was a stranger.

"This is the most lucky moment to receive a letter that I ever experienced," said Graham indulging in that laugh which comes from the heart. "You see," said he, "that it is from a woman;—the *prima materia* of my affections. But I belie her; she is not a woman; in the general acceptation of the term—she is an angel."

I glanced at the letter as he extended it to me; and the direction was really most beautiful. The blue surface of the epistle seemed to have just passed from beneath the hands of the copperplate printer. "You see," said Graham, "that it is beautiful; now let me read it; and as you are my confidant, I will show you the Alpha and the Omega of it." He broke the seal; it began with "*Dearest* Everard," and closed with "Forever your's,

EMILIE BARTON."

"You are not entitled to further freedom," said my friend: "Now, go meditate, and let my greedy eyes 'devour up her discourse:' or, seeing your curiosity is awakened, I will give you her picture, 'for you to look upon,' as the Primer hath it."

He drew from his bosom a miniature, suspended by a golden chain: "There," said he, "is one half of my heart. It is the long lapse of time since I have heard from the dear girl, that has given me the *blues* so of late."

I took the miniature; and never shall I forget the unsullied and perfect beauty that then dawned upon me. The stainless brow was shaded with rich clusters and braids of hair, of the colour of gold in shadow; the eye was mild and blue; but about the sweet lips, that seemed the balmy prison gates of delicious kisses, and the dimpled and rose-leaf cheek, there played such a pure and sanctified smile, that the picture seemed to be instinct with the life of heaven. I was dumb with exquisite admiration;—and I seemed to be surrounded by the perfect presence of Venus. Little did I imagine, as I gazed upon that delicately moulded face, that the clouds of early sorrow would so soon overshadow the fair brow; that the white-robed bosom would so soon yearn with the pangs of unrequited affection; that the azure eye and matchless cheek would be dimmed and stained with tears shed in secret;—that they would be deluged with the bitter waters of a bursting heart! But let me not anticipate.

Half an hour passed without a word having been spoken by either of us. The reflections which the picture had conjured up, kept me silent; and Graham read and read his letter, without noticing my pleasurable reverie. At length he said—"Well, you seem half intoxicated; are you dizzy with rapture? I assure you, if you feel any sensation from that little counterfeit, how could you gaze on the original? You would become an enthusiast and a worshipper at first sight, as I did. But I am *too* jocose for so sacred a theme: and my pleasure is already damped by the reflection, that my *spirituelle* has, ere this, left America, in the packet of the 10th, for England. A vast estate has fallen to her father, there; and he, with his whole family, have repaired from Barton Hill to Ludgate Hill, or some other hill of London. Cruel girl! She was too affectionate to endure the emotions of a farewell, and wrote me late, in consequence. She has quoted Scripture to me in her epist

irreclaimable sot. The weight of my crimes has recoiled back upon my heart, with a keen and undying retribution. I have sown the winds of intemperance and unbelief—I am reaping the whirlwinds of unutterable monition. The fires of agonizing remorse are burning in my blood: the monitory voice of a struggling conscience is thundering in my ears, and I experience the enkindled pangs of a mental *hell*. Oh, God! with what direful punishment have my iniquities overwhelmed me! But I must on.

You know the secret of my early love. You know the embarkation of Emile Barton for England, and that I followed her soon. Oh, that I could describe to you the Eden of the happiness that dawned upon me the first summer I spent in England. We were married; and Time went by with his wings glittering in the pearls of hope, and his brow clothed in sunshine. We made a delightful tour on the Continent, and returned with joyful hearts to our metropolitan home; and a lovely daughter was at last the pledge of our affection. But in an evil hour, I surrendered myself to the demon of Drunkenness, and he bound my bosom in fetters of iron. I became a frequenter of the *Hells*, in St. James's; a tippler of Johnson's spirits, at the Surry Theatre, and a stranger to my home. I wasted all my patrimony, and the splendid estate of my kind Emile, in one short week, at the gaming-table. I reviled the Scriptures in her presence; I neglected our darling child;—in short, I became a madman.

I returned home one night and found the Bailiffs at my threshold. Our mansion in town was sold, and we rented a pleasant cottage in Hampsted. Here, if I had not been more remorseless than the grave, I should have paused upon my dark career. But I was too much depraved. I became more and more estranged from the angel of my youth. I repulsed her overflowing affection and saw her fading away under the influence of my cruelty. She had renounced fashionable life for my sake, and it had been our intention to return to America, whither her parents had already gone, expecting us soon to follow.

Let me be brief. As I opened one moonlit evening the little gate that led up to our Hampsted residence, I saw my Emile leaning upon the shoulder of a young man, apparently weeping. A hellish suspicion that she had dishonoured me, rushed upon my brain; and stealthily approaching, I drew a stiletto from my bosom and stabbed her to the heart. She turned and fixed upon me a look of alternate surprise, reproach and forgiveness—shrieked, and fell lifeless at my feet.—It was her BROTHER.

I cannot long proceed. Since that fatal hour, I have been scorched with the lightnings of reproachful thought; I have been a scathed and skulking fugitive in the house of a miserable fish-woman. I have quaffed deeply of the delirious cup of intoxication; I have found its dregs to be gall and wormwood. My health is wasted —my hopes are dead;—and the earth seems yawning to clasp me to its icy bosom. Would that I were dead! Would to God, that I could find that annihilation in which I once believed, but for which I have long ceased to hope! Twice have I swallowed poison; the potent drug has laid harmless within me: and God still bids me live and suffer. My wife is buried in a quiet church-yard at Hamsted; and my weakness has at last prevented me from indulging the mournful office of weeping at midnight over her peaceful grave. My child still lives; and is the fair and sunny image of her sainted mother. If she ever visits America, and this should reach you, do not—oh! do not acquaint her with the unhappy fate of her parents; of that father who was a wretch,—of that spotless mother who loved me, 'not wisely, but TOO WELL.' I can——"

Here the Mss. ended. I give it to the reader as I received it. The next day the remains of Graham were interred in the Potter's Field of one of the Alms-houses, in Kingsland Road.

The little daughter of my last friend, is with the parents of her mother, in America. She is the only light thrown upon the sombre history of her mother's sorrow, or her father's guilt.

Evening Post.

Circulation between nine and ten thousand papers weekly.

There were 71 deaths in this city during the past week; 8 of which were by consumption, and 9 by cholera morbus; 6 were from the alms house, and 9 were people of colour. Forty-two of the whole number—more than one-half—were under five years of age.

The New York City Inspector reports the *last* 85 interments during the week ending on under the age of 1 year, 10 between 1 and 2 —

Deaths in the city of Charleston, during the week ending the 12th inst. Whites, 2; blacks and coloured, 7. Total 9.

Deaths in the city of Boston, during the week, ending 18th inst. Males 9—Females 20.

The interments in Baltimore last week, amounted to 48—males 26—females 22—12 of whom were coloured persons.

It appears our good friend, Mrs. Royal, sustained a terrible calamity at the late fire at Fayetteville, N. C. The whole bundle of her Southern Tour was burnt in the Lafayette Hotel. What a loss the world will sustain!

The Academy of Fine Arts will close for the season on Saturday, the 3d of July. All those who have not yet visited this splendid collection of art and genius, should early avail themselves of an opportunity to do so.

Mr. Jacob G. Collins was dangerously wounded by a man named Darben Brown, at Mobile, a few weeks since. Brown fired a gun loaded with shot at Collins.

Messrs. Sands and Neilson have issued proposals for publishing a new weekly Clay paper in the city of Baltimore.

On Wednesday evening, at the Walnut street theatre, as Mr. Parsloe, in the character of Mushapug, the monkey, was descending a rope, it unfortunately broke, and he fell to the floor, hurting himself seriously.

The commissioners for building a new prison in this county, offer a premium of one hundred dollars for the most approved plan with estimates.

The editor of the Washington Telegraph says it is almost certain that John C. Calhoun will be a candidate for the Presidency.

Gen. Garret D. Wall, of N. J. has accepted the invitation of the Cincinnati of that state, to deliver an address on the 4th of July, at Newark.

A strata or vein of stone has been discovered in Newport township, Luzerne Co. Pa. which is supposed to be the real blue lime stone. A Kiln has been erected on the spot, and experiments will be made immediately to test its value.

A young man, about 18 years of age, named James Fouzier, was shockingly mangled by coming in contact with the Fly-wheel of the Steam-boat Argus, on her way from Maysville to Pittsburgh, a few days since. He was engaged in a playful scuffle, with one of his messmates, when the accident happened. It was found necessary to amputate one of his legs above the knee.

The barns of Messrs. W. McConnell and S. Porter, of Shippensburg, Pa. were destroyed by fire on the 9th inst. A large quantity of hay, grain, &c. was also consumed.

A promising young man, named MOSES PEAVEY, was drowned on Friday week, while bathing in the Passaic river.

The Venango (Pa.) Democrat states that a few steady, industrious mechanics will find a good opening in that place. A tinner and coppersmith are particularly wanted.

At the Hunting Park Course, on Wednesday, bullcaff, backed by Vanderbilt, trotted a mile in two minutes thirty-six seconds; the bet being that he should perform it in that time.

The store of Jonathan Roberts, in Leiperville, on the road between Philadelphia and Chester, was broken open and robbed, on Sunday night week. Goods to the amount of five or six hundred dollars were taken.

An order has been issued from the Navy Department at Washington, authorising commanders of Navy Yards, Stations and Cruising vessels, to pay all persons in the Naval Service, entitled to rations, who shall voluntarily relinquish the use of that part of them composed of spirits, the rate of six cents per ration.

Mr. James Harper, a promising young man, aged 25 years, fell from the top of a barn, which he was engaged in building, in the neighbourhood of Meadville, Pa. a few days since, and was instantly killed.

A lad named Franklin Gates, employed as a mail rider on the route from Natchez to Monticello, (Mi.) has been been apprehended on suspicion of robbing the mail. A large sum of money was found about his person.

The Young Men of Boston recently convened in public meeting, and resolved to raise subscriptions for the purchase of two STANDARDS, with suitable inscriptions, to be presented to the gallant Poles. Resolutions were also passed, expressive of their approbation of the principles for which the Poles are contending, and of their sympathy for the sufferings of this unfortunate and oppressed people.

Mr. Ingham, late Secretary of the Treasury, arrived in this city on Thursday, on his way home.

An accident occurred on the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road, on the 18th instant, by which several persons were slightly injured. A car, propelled by two horses, was on the Rail Road between the Carrollton Viaduct and the Depot, containing seven individuals, who were thrown out by the car coming in contact with a cow, which attempted to cross the rail way. The animal was killed by the collision.

Mr. Samuel Crawford was blown up at one of the Quarries in Chester township, on the 20th inst., and so much injured that his life is despaired of.

The number of dogs taken up in this city, killed and buried, from May 7th to June 18th, was 303—about half of the number killed during the whole of last summer.

Upwards of one hundred thousand dollars have already been appropriated by the merchants and others of this city, with the design of building a splendid exchange.

A turn out for higher wages has taken place among the journeyman printers of New York, extending to most of the newspaper and book offices.

According to the National Intelligencer, the office of Attorney General is said to have been declined by Mr. G. M. Dallas, and to have been since offered to Mr. Taney of Maryland.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAIL-ROAD.—The second division of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was completed on Wednesday last. "This division extends from Ellicott's mills to the fork of Patapsco, a distance of thirteen miles; and persons disposed to travel on the rail-road, may now extend their ride to the distance of twenty-six miles from Baltimore."

A large rattlesnake with nine rattles was killed in the neighbourhood of Pottsville, last week.

GYPSUM OR PLASTER OF PARIS.—History informs us that the utility of Gypsum for grass was first discovered in Germany by a laborer at the quarry; passing across a meadow to shorten the distance home, he discovered the luxuriance of the grass, where he had travelled, and immediately reveal answered his expectations.

VINEGAR, *alias* RUM.—Not long since, a trader, not fifty miles from our office, ordered several bbls. of *rum* from Boston. The packet master had been directed by his owners not to take ardent spirits on freight. The barrels were accordingly labelled *Vinegar*, to deceive the captain as to the contents. When the sloop arrived at her destined port, they were discharged into a scow, but while transporting them to the landing, the packet master suspected that the liquid contained in them had not undergone the acetous fermentation, and on examination found the contents to be *rum*; upon which he re-shipped them on board his vessel, and the next trip landed them safely on the wharf in Boston.—*Journal.*

The Centreville (Indiana) Times contains the following anecdote:

Remarkable conduct of a horse.—Mr. Israel Abrahams, in the vicinity of this town, has a horse that will, of his own accord, pump a sufficiency of water for all the other horses on the farm. We have witnessed him, when turned loose into the barn yard, go directly to the pump, take the handle between his teeth, and throw the water with as much force, and almost as much regularity as a man would, until he would pump enough for his companions and himself, when he would drink, and deliberately retire. No pains were ever taken, or means used, to learn him a business which proves a great accommodation to himself, and relieves his owner of considerable labour.

In a charge to a Grand Jury in Florida, we find the following remarks made by the Judge. It is not often that we see the profane swearer so pointedly rebuked from the Judicial Bench on occasions of this kind:

"I cannot forbear noticing, and calling your attention to an offence against the public morals, but too frequently practised by all classes in society: I mean the practice of profane swearing in common conversation. Of all the vices the wickedness and ingenuity of man have been able to invent, there is none that furnishes a more melancholy evidence of moral degradation and depravity of mind, than the practice of profane swearing in common conversation; because it is attended with no possible advantage or pleasure. The unchaste, the glutton, the drunkard, may plead in their behalf the pleasure resulting from sensual indulgence, and the strength of temptation, arising, perhaps from some constitutional bias—yet I do not hesitate to say that no person was ever yet born in the world with a propensity to profanity or blasphemy. The swearer is not influenced by the hope of profit, which animates the thief and gambler. Profanity leads to to lying, and the practice of lying is the high road to perjury."

OSBALDESTON, the owner of the American horses Rattler and Tom Thumb, offers to trot the former against any horse in England, five miles, for two hundred pounds, ten miles for two hundred pounds, fifteen miles for two hundred pounds, in or out of harness, or both. The latter against any horse twenty miles for two hundred pounds, thirty miles for two hundred pounds, and fifty miles for two hundred pounds, in harness.

ATTACK UPON THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.—On Wednesday evening last a horse, having run away with a cariole, took the direction of our office, and, much to the dismay of our pressmen—then engaged in working off the first side—precipitated his head, neck, and fore feet through one of the windows, demolishing every thing which obstructed his passage. Like most of the biped assailants of the press, he, poor fellow, fared badly, having been severely excoriated.—*Fredericksburg Arena.*

UNITED STATES TERRITORY.—The valley of the Mississippi is computed, by Bradbury, at 1,334,779 miles, or 860,658,563 acres. It is, therefore, eleven times as extensive as Great Britain, and Ireland put together. The Chinese empire itself, taken at eight hundred millions of acres, falls far short, in superficial extent, of the United States, which contain 1,906,635,680 acres.

LIST OF INSOLVENTS.

The following named persons have applied for the benefit of the Insolvent Laws of Pennsylvania. To be heard Wednesday next, the 29th inst.

John Fitzgerald, county of Philadelphia, store keeper.
Hudson Garbale, Roxborough township, late paver.
Isaiah Bray, Jr. Debtor's Apartment, gentleman.
Geo. Wunder, West Kensington, victualler.
Benjamin F. Hughes, back of 26 Plumb st. labourer.
Linnaus B. Crosley, Crown st. labourer.
Timothy T. Cutter, 921 N. 3d st. baker.
John O'Daniel, 257 S. 6th st. attorney at law.
John Myers, Bush Hill, victualler.
Thomas Smith, Manayunk, labourer.
Wm. Swindell, No. 92 Market st. oysterman.
George Forrest, Northern Liberties, cordwainer.
Thomas Welsh, Northern Liberties, cordwainer.
Thomas J. Bowes, Northern Liberties, cordwainer.
John Dixon, city of Philadelphia, labourer.
Nathaniel Sylvester, carpenter, 6th below Market.
John Parkins, 68 Small st. near 11th st. carpenter.
Richard Young, Garden near Buttonwood st. butcher.
Simon S. Taylor, Front st. below Christian, mariner.
Francis Philpot, 94 Jones's Alley, screwser.
Conrad W. Demetter, 33 st. above Poplar Lane, housecarpenter.
Thomas Noble, Callowhill, near Schuylkill 4th st. cordwainer.
George Brown, No. 210 N. Water st. labourer.
William Sauts, Ridge Road, above Callowhill st. whitesmith.
Thomas Saylor, corner 2d & New sts. cabinet maker.
Peter Frew, 342 S. 3d st. cordwainer.
Edward Nowlin, 146 N. Water st. labourer.
Robert Allen, 62 Small st. near Shippen, labourer.
Henry Seeley, S. W. corner 8th and Cherry sts. saddler.
Jonathan Wintsman, 4th st. below Spruce, accountant.
Malden Miller, 20 Bird's Court, oysterman.
Wm. Hargesheimer, Kensington, cabinet maker, late of the firm of Hargesheimer & Berriman.
George Ansbey, city of Philadelphia, silver plater.
Ephraim Allen, 228 N. 4 st. engraver.
Chas. T. Ling, 6th st. above Vine, late flour merchant.
Isaac Lewellen, 160 Vine st. tablet painter.
Samuel Miller, Kensington, labourer.
Wm. P. Say, 229 South 9th st. gentleman.
John Donk, 213 Queen st. varnisher.
David Boyd, 194 South Front st. labourer.
Caleb W. Habenbake, S. W. corner 5th and Powell sts. teacher.
James Blackie, 9 Elder Alley, stone mason.
Joseph Franks, Green st. near 7th, house carpenter.
Henry B. Moore, Noble st. near 6th, victualler.
Louis Bennett, Northern Liberties, oysterman.
William A. Day, Wagner's Alley, oysterman.
Pyatt Towsle, Cedar st. near 4th, cordwainer.
Joseph Hutchinson, 21 Queen st. N. L. bookbinder.
Geo. W. Everitt, city of Philadelphia, land agent.
John Cook, Coates' st. N. L. cordwainer.
Samuel Baker, Coates' st. near 3d, cordwainer.
Jacob Wunder, Kensington, labourer.
Geo. Dennison, Bedford st. carpenter.
Wm. Cornell, 3 North 15th st. mariner.
Edward Nichols, 3 Queen st. N. L. labourer.
Michael Lazar, 146 Chestnut st. jeweller.
Philip Edie, county of Philadelphia, rope maker.
Joseph Sparks, county of Philadelphia, waterman.
Joseph W. Andress, county of Philadelphia, labourer.
Harding Murrell, 4th st. below Spruce, saddler.
Isaac Wright, county of Philadelphia, house carpenter.
John Vansant, Queen st. N. L. labourer.
James Lee, Cadwalader st. Kensington, weaver.
John Lamb, 53 Spruce st. one of the Lessees and Managers of the Chesnut st. Theatre.
William Coyle, Penn Township, one of the Lessees and Managers of the Chesnut st. Theatre.
Wm. B. Chapman, Walnut above 10th st. comedian.
Henry Crignaire, city of Philadelphia, brick maker.
Daniel Bessemer, city of Philadelphia, house carpenter.
Robert Crawford, Brooks' Court, coach maker.
Wm. King, Filbert above Schuylkill 6th, carpenter.
Wm. Hoover, 329 Race st. late dry good dealer.
Samuel Vaughn, Kensington, shipwright.
Samuel Bellerjeau, Kensington, cabinet maker.
Joseph Ahle, Kensington, glass blower.
John A. Sutton, Kensington, glass blower.
Patrick Tracy, Kensington, labourer.
Jacob D. Fellhousen, Northern Liberties, printer.
Isaac Stick, county of Philadelphia, wheelwright.
Abraham Deniess, Water st. near Christian, labourer.
Aquila Newbern, Germantown Road, clerk.
Thos Virden, corner Garden and Callowhill sts. dry good merchant.
Daniel Ferrel, Northern Liberties, house carpenter.
Morris Isaacson, S. 3d st. near Union, cap manufacturer.
Edmund W. Sheaff, city of Philadelphia, painter.
Augustus G. Richards, 90 Cherry st. dyer.
Joseph Meade, 13 Lombard st. tailor.
Edward Mc Andrew, 17 Cedar st. ivory, ivory turner.
Henry Morgan, Arch st. west of Broad, merchant.
Robert A. Phipson, Penn Township, late druggist.
John Stewart, Arch st. west of Broad, merchant.
John Ashlum, Northern Liberties, late draymen.
Daniel Colsher, Northern Liberties, carter.
John Smith, Northern Liberties, carter.
Aaron F. Kile, late 34 N. 3d st. merchant.
Elias H. Halliday, 39 Sheaf Court, watch maker.
Francis McAvoy, West Moyamensing, weaver.
Henry Campbell, Passyunk Road, coach maker.
Allen Green, Southwark, trader.
Augustus Lanestree, Union st. tobacconist.
Philip Hart, Moyamensing, teacher.
Henry Hardie, Anderson's Court, late miller.
Arthur Jones, Frankford Road, weaver.
Ebert Gilbert, county of Philadelphia, labourer.
Joseph Barlow, Arch st. west of Broad, sugar refiner.
Robert Cox, Lombard near 6th st. labourer.
James Selby, 19th South 7th st. watch maker.
Henry Taggert, county of Philadelphia, brick maker.
Lewis Eaton, Debtor's Apartment, late inn-keeper.
Matthias Gans, Frankford Road, weaver.
Francis Dorrherty, 214 Market st. grocer.
Samuel Carnahan, 17 Bread st. weaver.
Andrew McDowell, 7th near Fitzwater, Moyamensing, weaver.
Peter Wilson, Twelve foot Alley, near Fitzwater street, Moyamensing, porter.
John Keaves, Shippen between 7th and 8th sts. Moyamensing, oysterman.
James Hunter, 458 S. Front st. Southwark, cordwainer.
James Forbes, South Alley, stone mason.
James G. Mooney, Rachael st. N. L. cordwainer.
Eli Beattie, Boswall st. late carter.
Mahan Mitchell, back of 124 N. 3d st. porter.
Richard Woodard, Cedar st. and Old York Road, N. L. labourer.
James Lyons, Bedford above 12th st. Moyamensing, wool-sawyer.
Hugh Brown, 13th and Fitzwater sts. Moyamensing, weaver.
John Dare, Emlen's Court, N. L. labourer.
James Thomas, Whiting's Alley, labourer.
Edward Ford, 10th st. above Loudard, cordwainer.
Nathaniel Evans, Front and Market sts. from Schuylkill, carpenter.
James Doyle, S. 2d st. below Market, labourer.
Emmor Jefferis, 4th below Christian st. chair painter.
John L. Narstin, 41 Mechanic's st. copperplate printer.
Sandy Hoshes, 4th st. between Brown and Poplar Lane, N. L. labourer.
Jeremiah Craft, Apple st. above Brown, black smith.
Samuel Pine, Water between Arch and Race sts. lottery dealer.
Ammi West, 20 Arch st. late lottery broker.
Charles Lawrence, Philadelphia county, labourer.
Jacob Heritage, Oak st. N. L. labourer.
James Marshall, Gaskill, below Crash st. cordwainer

THE MARKETS.

WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

WHEAT FLOUR, per bbl.	$4 75
RYE do. do.	3 50
WHEAT, per bushel	1 00
RYE do.	60
CORN, per bushel	56
CLOVER SEED, per bushel	4 25
TIMOTHY SEED, do.	1 50
HEMP do. do.	26
BARLEY do. do.	55
FLAXSEED, do. do.	1 50
OATS do. do.	45
WHISKEY, per gallon	33
BEEF, per lb.	10
BUTTER, in kegs, per lb.	16
HERDS, per dozen	14
LARD, per lb.	10
TALLOW, do.	8
HAMS, Western, per lb.	10
PLASTER, per ton	6 00
BEES, Rio Grande and La Plata, per lb.	12½

Corrected for the National Evening Post every Friday, by J. & R. WITMER, *Merchants, No. 241 Market street.*

PRICE CURRENT.

THE MARKET.—Superfine Flour continues dull; the only transaction worthy of notice is a lot of 600 or 1000 barrels, price not determined; by retail to bakers it is selling at $5; no sales of Rye Flour reported; a lot of Corn Meal in puncheons has been sold, but the terms kept secret. But little grain at market, and lower prices have been accepted for Corn. Whiskey is dull at 34 cents at barrels; a lot in hhds. sold at 33 cents. Linseed Oil is dull at last week's prices.

PENNSYLVANIA CANALS.—Within a few weeks past a merchant in this city has received several hundred bales of Cotton from Nashville, Tenn. by way of Pittsburgh and the Pennsylvania, Union and Schuylkill Canals. Although the Portage Rail-road across the Alleghany mountain is not yet finished, we understand it was delivered here for one cent per pound from Pittsburgh, and, in all, about 25 to 30 days from Nashville. Thus it appears that, in addition to the ordinary business along the line of our canals, new objects are every day springing up, and it is not until our system is completed that we shall be able to appreciate its advantages.

RICHMOND MARKET.—We understand that Flour was sold yesterday at $4 and 4¼. Tobacco commands a good price. One of the best sales was made yesterday, which has been effected this season. Seven hhds. from the county of Culpeper—one was refuse tobacco—the other six sold for $12½ per hundred weight round—amounting, for the seven hhds. to between 900 and 1000 dollars.—*Compiler, June 18.*

The Post.

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, June 25, 1831.

A print of this city "called" the *Daily Chronicle*, on Monday last published the following paragraph:—

"The last number of the weekly paper, called the *Saturday Evening Post*, contains a paragraph tending to create a belief in those who read it, that a connexion has existed between that journal and the Daily Chronicle. The editor could not have designed this; but unfortunately, his language will bear no other interpretation. As some persons may be in the habit of seeing both papers, we think it proper to say that there has been no such connexion; these journals having been as distinct from each other as any two in this city or elsewhere. The *Post*, till lately, was printed at this office; and its editor, adverting to the circumstance, has fallen into the error of language which we now correct."

Now we are not proud of our recent situation, and we do not revert to it boastingly—but we think we were certainly correct in using the word "connexion," in referring to it. The Post was printed in the Chronicle office, and, by contract, contained a specified quantity of the same matter which appeared in the Chronicle. This system, of using the same standing type for two separate publications, was not, however, pursued to the same extent, that it now is in the Lady's Book, Saturday Courier, Daily Chronicle, and occasionally in some smaller publications, without including one or two other city daily papers, &c. &c. through whose mills the same "matter" is likewise frequently bolted. If our very respected friend will please favor us with some more appropriate term than "connexion," we are perfectly willing to adopt it, and will thank him for his assistance. Until then we shall believe ourselves correct.

In another column we publish an account of the trial of a man named WOOLLEY, in New York, for an attempt to commit murder. This same Woolley is the individual who some time ago appeared in this city, and by handbills freely circulated and put up on the corners, notified the inhabitants of his intention to lecture on *orthodoxy* and *heterodoxy*. If we are correctly informed, he strongly advocated the infidel principles of Fanny Wright—recommended the total abolition of the present disposition of society and social intercourse, as proposed by her, and entered fully into the views of this woman, whose pernicious and demoralizing principles were given to the citizens of Philadelphia by herself, and some few of her disciples, in the form of lectures, tracts, &c. not long since.

More recently, however, we noticed this same Woolley, on several occasions, at the Mayor's office, in this city. He appeared one day and entered a complaint against certain females, residents in a house of ill fame, for stealing his pocket book. They charged him with *perjury*, and adduced some apparently substantial reasons.—When bail was required he brought one of his proselytes to enter security, but the man had so little faith in his own *sentiments* that he flinched!—Woolley was in jail, for a short time, but was subsequently discharged, as the whole matter was in the hands of such disreputable persons, that the truth of the case could not be arrived at.

The Mayor of this city was recently on a visit to New York, to give some testimony in relation to certain persons concerned in the robbery of the City Bank. While listening to the trial, which is reported in another column, he recognized in the prisoner, the same Woolley with whom he had had such trouble in this city. Of course this recognition was but little to the advantage of the defendant.

The above facts are cited to show what the conduct of men would be, and what the condition of society, were the restraints of religion to be entirely cast off. The virtuous would have no security against the vicious, who, prowling about like demons, would fasten their fangs wherever their unholy propensities would lead them. The conduct of many infidels, even when government and the hands of persons who acknowledge the principles of religion, and who, consequently, act, so far as lies in their power, the progress of which is a bold and faithful commentary on our doctrines. If under this disadvantage, and with public opinion strongly against them, they perpetrate crimes of the darkest hue, what might be expected were they allowed latitude to act as they desire? and what would result were the control of public morals to be placed in their keeping?

All the Fire Engines of Fayetteville, N. C. were consumed at the great fire in that place, a short time since. A subscription has been set on foot by the firemen of Boston, Charlestown, Roxbury and Cambridge for the purpose of obtaining the necessary funds to send one to Fayetteville.

SWINDLING IN LOTTERIES.

The last number of "Canfield's American Argus," contains some important facts in relation to fraud in certain existing Lottery schemes, which are deeply interesting to the public.—That we have long been decidedly opposed to the whole business of Lotteries, in whatever shape they are presented, our readers are well aware. This opposition, as we have before stated, is based on the belief that their tendencies are directly to evil—that they invariably impoverish the poor—that they lead to drunkenness, gambling, and all sorts of dissipation—and that the objects for which they are instituted are, for these and a variety of other causes, dearly purchased, when purchased by the aid of money raised by them. All this is abstract from the question of fraud existing in the schemes. We oppose them because we believe they are pregnant with evil, supposing the plan of drawing, the calculations, &c. are honestly arranged. We therefore think, that since the Permutation system has been proven a fraudulent one, by a person who for years has been acquainted with the business, and who consequently has an intricate knowledge of the whole arrangements, we have additional strong and powerful arguments to show why they ought to be abolished.

Mr. Canfield, although a strong friend to Lotteries in general, has published his "PUBLIC PROTEST" against the Permutation schemes, because he believes the Managers have it in their power to defraud the public. Speaking of the drawing of the Washington scheme, in April, 1826, he says:

"At that time, we contracted a suspicion that the *Permutation* was not *simple* and perfect like the *Combination* system; but *compound*, and capable of secret arrangement; that even Managers might so class the Tickets that if two sets of the six were sold to the public, the two capitals drawn by those sets would not be the $50,000 and the $40,000, the two highest named in the scheme—but would be, either the $50,000 and the $10,000—the $40,000 and the $15,000, or the $25,000 and the $20,000 prize, and that of such a result the Managers would be certain. But we then had such full employment for our time that we could not give the matter any further particular attention. Perhaps even we were a little disposed to mistrust our own senses rather than suppose the public officers entrusted with the scheme could be guilty of a dereliction from duty. But when the permutation plan was brought within our field of operations, by the publication of schemes in New York, we gave to the subject the attention necessary; and from the conviction we formed, the duty devolves upon us, however unpleasant, of showing forth the practicabilities of the permutation scheme in their true nature."

"To prove the existence of fraud, he introduces into the Argus twelve columns of rule and figure work, in which he gives various modifications of the system, and copious tables of calculation.—We have not room nor leisure to pursue the subject to the same length he has done, but shall content ourselves for the present by subjoining another paragraph of his *exposure*:—

"Lotteries, to be perfectly fair, should permit the chance of *every* adventurer to be equally good with any other chance or chances, for the prizes contained or held forth in the scheme. And we here remark, that if all the Tickets in a Permutation Scheme are printed, and the same offered promiscuously to the public, either in single tickets or packages, then the chances for the prizes in the permutation schemes are fair. But if tickets in a permutation scheme are not offered promiscuously to the public, that is to say, if an adventurer cannot purchase six tickets containing the same three numbers, through the six different permutations, or a ticket with any of the six permutations of the same three numbers, then the Lottery is unfair. In such a case he might hold hundreds of tickets, and instead of getting as many capitals as are held out in the scheme, his chance for capitals is confined to the set or sets to which his tickets belong; and although he has 2, 5, 10, or 100 tickets, he must have the same three numbers on some [illegible] or more of his tickets in numerical orders, else it is at once certain that he cannot draw more than one of the six highest capitals. The same rule also holds good with respect to any other of the capitals in the present scheme, determined by any three of the drawn numbers.

"This *certainty* in the hands of the Manager for some of the capitals in permutation schemes, and the representation of splendid prizes that must certainly be drawn by combinations in sets, probably never printed, renders the permutation plan unfair, to say the least, towards the adventurer. And furthermore, the plan is unfair, because susceptible of the foregoing arrangements in a manner that blinds suspicion; for tickets from every set may be printed and offered for sale, and yet be selected for sale in such a manner, that for every 7140 tickets sold, the Manager will be sure of selling *only one of the six highest capitals!* To do this, it is but necessary to have a list of the numbers of the packages, to select packages therefrom in a similar manner, that moves are made on the draught board; *e.g.* package numbers 1, 57, 113, 169, 225 and 281: then packages, numbers 7, 63, 119, 175, 231 and 287, &c. Taking the packages, or tickets, and offering them in this order to the public, so two on each of the 7140 tickets sold will contain the same three numbers, twice in their combinations. Consequently the result as to the number of prizes, is the same to the Manager as though one particular set of the six was sold entire, while at the same time there is an appearance that the tickets are offered indiscriminately to adventurers.

We look upon Lotteries as an evil of no small magnitude—an evil which, if appreciated as it ought to be, would arouse up the public to action, and we trust that the publication to which we have above alluded, will have the effect of instituting a rigid investigation, so that the whole system may be viewed in its true light.

WEST'S PAINTING.—We would again call the attention of our readers to this celebrated Painting. Another opportunity to see "*Christ Rejected*," may never offer, and no person should neglect the present, as productions of this kind are indeed scarce. The painter, the subject, the splendid execution of the work, are all deeply interesting—the first as being an American artist, rivalling the most eminent painters of older countries; the second because it calls to mind the ingratitude with which the Saviour of all mankind was treated, and teaches us a lesson of humility; and the third because it is a magnificent production, developing genius of the highest order—a lasting honour to the painter, and a source of pleasing gratification to all who have the least taste for the works of art.

Those who have not the leisure to visit the painting during the day, will find no inconvenience from viewing it by candle-light—indeed many prefer the evening, as the disposition of the lights in the room, produces a beautiful effect on the picture.

The proprietor of the painting—Mr. WEST—has, with commendable liberality, announced that the receipts of this day, will be appropriated to the relief of the Fayetteville sufferers. The charitable will thus have an opportunity of doing something for those in distress, and at the same time obtaining an abundant recompense for their money, by examining this great picture.

Treaties of Peace have been concluded between the Creek and Osage Indian tribes, and between the Cherokees and Osages. The adjustment of the difficulties heretofore existing between these tribes, was brought about by the exertions of some of the American agents. The meeting of the parties took place at Cantonment Gibson, on the 5th of May, and lasted fourteen days.

CASE OF BARKER.

In our last we briefly alluded to the singular circumstances connected with the murder of this unfortunate man, and to the fact that matters were in a train to ferret out the murderers. We have since made further inquiry into the affair, and are enabled to subjoin a more correct statement.

A man named BARKER, who followed the business of a Drover, was for many years in the habit of visiting this city, disposing of his stock, and making purchases for the west. In his habits he was exceedingly eccentric—in his dress still more singular and unique. He usually wore a leathern belt round his middle, in which was secured his money; a kind of substitute for shoes; and for a covering, occasionally, a large cloth drab coat, which he has been seen to have on him in the hottest days of July.

The last visit this Barker made to this city, was in the summer of 1825. He brought, as usual, a large drove of horses, and by their sale, came in possession of a considerable sum of money. He started away from his lodging place, one evening, losing word that he intended going to the cellar of one Smith Crowell, residing in Shippen street, and that he should return before bed time. He, however, did not return that night, nor in the morning, and some of his acquaintances feeling uneasy in regard to his safety, as they knew he had money with him, went in search. They found him in Shippen street, lying on the pavement, a few rods from the cellar above alluded to, and in the agonies of death! He was immediately conveyed to the hospital, and promptly received medical aid, but he died in a few hours after.

The circumstances, as many of our readers will remember, created considerable excitement at the time. The parties supposed to be implicated in the murder—for that he was murdered is beyond question—were arrested and examined before Mayor Watson, but discharged for want of evidence.

Barker's family resided in Canada. His wife did not receive the news of his death for a considerable time after, and since then she has been anxious to come on, and use every exertion to bring the culprits to merited punishment. She heard of her husband's death by letter, but that he was murdered was she says, revealed to her in a dream, and her present visit to this city was more immediately undertaken at the instance of certain impressions which laid strongly on her mind, that her husband had been foully dealt with.

On last Saturday week, she communicated these and other particulars to Mayor Richards, and solicited his aid in the affair. She desired the arrest of Crowell, and also that he would send for two other individuals, supposed to be concerned, who were some time ago committed to prison in New York, for robbery, that another examination might take place, in the hope of eliciting something bearing on the point. Crowell was brought up and examined, but there did not appear to be any positive proof against him, although many implicating circumstances were adduced. He was, however, committed to prison, where he now remains, bail being refused by Judge King, when brought before him, a few days after his committal by the Mayor, on a writ of *habeas corpus*.

It is thought by those best acquainted with this affair, that Barker was poisoned with laudanum.

The *Saratoga Powders*, prepared by Mr. George W. Carpenter, druggist and chemist, of Market street, possess many excellent qualities. They have greatly increased in credit and use with the public and the Medical Faculty, and they produce an agreeable beverage. We are given to understand that Mr. Carpenter has received numerous letters from distinguished physicians and others, which refer to his preparation in the most favourable terms. We believe their efficacy as a mild aperient, and sure tonic for the digestive organs is universally acknowledged. The demand for the powders in the Southern states is very considerable.

RATHER SQUALLY.

The following correspondence between two ex-members of the cabinet, we find in an extra of the United States Telegraph. It will be seen that this attempt to wring *satisfaction*—as the term goes among honourables—from Mr. Ingham proved abortive for the present. The dispute, as will be gathered from the correspondence, has arisen entirely from a female—the wife of Major Eaton—of whom certain disreputable things had been said, whether true or untrue, is not for us to determine. In relation to these matters strange rumours are afloat, but time which uniformly sifts surmises and falsehoods from facts, will prove as effectual witnesses in this case, as in all others, and the parties in favour of their respective leaders, subside. Situated as matters now are in the United States, it is next to impossible—we blush to say it—to ascertain the real facts connected with any affair, in which party men are concerned. Each prominent politician is backed by a host of adherents, who deem it their bounden duty to stand by their leaders in every difficulty—defend them, whether they be right or wrong—and vilify and calumniate all in the opposition. This is truly a lamentable state of affairs. We will not, however, at this time, say longer detain our readers with observations on politics, as the correspondence is, in itself, very explicit.

MR. EATON TO MR. INGHAM.

Friday night, 17th of June, 1831.

SIR—I have studied to disregard the abusive slanders which have arisen through an debased a source as the columns of the U. S. Telegraph. I have been content to wait for the full development of what he had to say, and until persons of responsible character should be brought forth to endorse his vile abuse of me and my family. In that paper of this evening, is contained the following remark of my wife:—"It is proven that the Secretaries of the Treasury, and of the Navy, and of the Attorney General, refused to associate with her." This publication appears in a paper which professes to be friendly to you, and is brought forth under your immediate eye. I desire to know of you, whether or not you sanction, or will disavow it. The relation we have sustained towards each other authorises me to demand an immediate answer.

Very respectfully, J. H. EATON.

S. D. INGHAM, Esq.

REPLY.

Washington, 18th June, 1831.

SIR—I have not been able to ascertain, from your note of last evening, whether it is the publication referred to by you, or the fact stated in the Telegraph, which you desire to know whether I have sanctioned or will disavow. If it be the first you demand, it is too absurd to merit an answer. If it be the last, you may find authority for the same fact in a Philadelphia paper, about the first of April last, which is deemed to be quite as friendly to you as the Telegraph may be to me. When you have settled such accounts with your particular friends, it will be time enough to make demands of others. In the mean time, I take the occasion to say, that you must be not a little deluded, to imagine that any thing of yours could induce me to disavow what all the inhabitants of this city know, and perhaps half the people of the United States believe to be true.

I am, sir, respectfully yours.

JOHN H. EATON, Esq. S. D. INGHAM.

MR. EATON TO MR. INGHAM.

19th of June, 1831.

SIR—I have received your letter of to-day, and regret to find that a frank and candid inquiry brought before you, an answer impudent and insolent in its tenor and style. To injury unprovoked, you are pleased to add insult. What is the remedy? It is to indulge the expectation that, though a man may be mean enough to slander, or base enough to encourage it, he yet may have bravery sufficient to repair the same. In that spirit I demand of you *satisfaction* for the wrong and injury you done me.

Your answer must determine whether you are so far entitled to the name and character of a gentleman as to be able to act like one. Very respectfully,

SAMUEL D. INGHAM, Esq. J. H. EATON.

REPLY.

Washington, 20th of June, 1831.

SIR—Your note of Saturday, purporting to be a demand of satisfaction for injury done to you, was received on that day; company prevented me from sending an immediate answer. Yesterday morning your brother-in-law, Dr. Rae, design introduced himself into my room, with a threat of personal violence. I perfectly understand the part you are made to play in the farce to be acted before the American people, am not to be intimidated by threats, or provoked by taunts, to any act inconsistent with the coy and contemptible which your condition and conduct inspire.

Yours sir, respectfully.

JOHN H. EATON, Esq. S. D. INGHAM.

MR. EATON TO MR. INGHAM.

20th of June, 1831.

SIR—Your note of this morning is received. It proves to me that you are quite brave enough to do a mean action, but too great a coward to repair it. Your contempt I heed not; your pity I despise. It is such contemptible fellows as yourself that have set forth rumours of their own creation, and then them as a ground of imputation against me. If that be said cause, then should you have pity of yourself, for you wife has not escaped them, and you must know it. But no more; here our correspondence closes. Nothing more will be received short of an acceptance of my demand of Saturday, and nothing more be said to me until face to face to meet. It is not in my nature to brook your insults, nor will they be submitted to.

S. D. Ingham, Esq. J. H. EATON.

"This attack on Mrs. Ingham is unnecessary, as that lady is universally believed and respected.

A young man who arrived at New York on Wednesday from the south, attempted to commit suicide in the evening of the same day. He was prevented carrying his design into execution by some boarders in the hotel, at which he stopped. When asked why he attempted to commit such a deed, he replied by pointing to a paper on which was written, "Pain, failure—disgrace—death—farewell!"

Mr. Caleb A. Orr, No. 40, South Eighth Street, manufactures *Patent Seamless Boots and Shoes*, which appear to possess many advantages over those articles made in the usual way. The upper of the shoe or boot is a single piece of leather, and consequently has no seams to affect the foot with pain or produce corns. They set easy, and are very neat in appearance.

YOUNG MEN'S MEETING.

The committee of the young men of the city and county of Philadelphia, who propose to celebrate the approaching anniversary of American Independence, without distinction of party, have selected as their orator on that occasion DAVID PAUL BROWN, Esq. The oration will be delivered in the fifth Presbyterian Church, (Dr. Sunderland's) Arch street, above Tenth street. The services of the morning will be opened and closed with a prayer from the Pastor of that Church. The following gentlemen have been appointed to preside at the dinner on the afternoon of the same day, at the Washington Hall:

President of the day—Samuel J. Hendrickson, Esq.

VICE PRESIDENTS.

George M. Wharton,	Andrew Rogers,
Robert Morris,	Charles Schaffer,
Robert Hare, Jr.	William White.

Previously to the dinner, the Declaration of Independence will be read by F. A. HAMMOND, Esq.

Tickets for the dinner at the price of $1 50 each, may be obtained from any member of the committee of arrangement, which consists of the following gentlemen, viz:—

S. J. Hendrickson, G. M. Wharton, Robert Morris, Robert Hare, jr., A. Rogers, Charles Schaffer, Wm. White, F. A. Raybold, E. Coolidge, E. R. Evans, R. W. Clark, Jesse Conard, R. T. Conrad, Jesse Graves, John Miles, J. M. Doran, James Goodman, G. L. Ashmead, P. Oakford, F. G. Wolbert, Geo. T. Tryon, Samuel F. Reed, Nathaniel Davis, B. Matthias, J. Ashton, jr., Willis G. Clark, Saml. Martin, Wm. Vodges, Moore Wharton, Lemon Hope, W. H. Jones, Gustavus W. Ward, Edwin Wilson, Stephen North, Dr. A. Jones, T. P. M'Mahon, Charles Naylor, J. W. Fleckwir, Oakford, Robert Harvey, C. O'Neil, N. J. Chapman, T. E. Ashmead, Edward C. Allen, Henry Thompson.

N. G. FOSTER, *Treasurer.*

Subscription papers and tickets will also be left on Thursday morning, the 23d inst. at the following places:—

Indian's National Hotel, Chestnut street; City Hotel, Hassell & Nibb's, Third street; Independence Hotel, Ryckman's Chestnut street, and at the offices of the United States Gazette, Pennsylvania Inquirer, Daily Chronicle, American Sentinel, and Saturday Evening Post.

Published by order of the Committee.

GEO. M. WHARTON, *Chairman.*

R. R. EVANS, W. WURTZ, R. W. CLARK, } *Secretaries.*

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

On Sunday afternoon, Philip Wright, a black boy belonging to the schooner Water Witch of Petersburg, Va. fell into the Delaware at Dock street, and was drowned.

M. Fischer, of Vienna, has discovered a new process of bleaching straw. Instead of smoaking it with sulphur, as heretofore, he steeps it in the *muriatic acid saturated with potash*. The straw bleached by this process never grows yellow, and is equally white, besides that it acquires a greater flexibility.

The Easton Argus says, that it is the intention of the Easton Washington Grays to make an excursion to this city next fall.

On Monday morning the scaffold of the building at the N. W. corner of Fifth and Market streets, gave way, and precipitated two of the workmen to the ground—though considerably hurt, we are happy to say, not dangerously so.

Flies are a great annoyance to families in the warm season. The best method to keep rid of them is to darken your room by closing the blinds, and to allow nothing which will attract them to stand exposed after meals. This is a sure preventative, and is worthy a hundred receipts for destroying them.

Mr. Philip Reese, of Upper Merion Township, Montgomery county, Pa. has a living gosling, which has four perfect legs, two wings, and one head—the under part appears to be double, with two rectums, and two tails, with large expanding feathers. It has the use of all its legs, and appears to be as healthy and thriving as any of the brood.

The Washington Globe says—Major Eaton ceased to act as Secretary of War on Saturday last, and Doctor Randolph, the Chief Clerk in the War Office, is appointed Acting Secretary in the interim.

The spirits of Camphor is a perfect protection from the bite of Musquetoes. One application of this wash will free a person from their attacks.

It is said a man in the Quebec Hospital chopped off his finger, which was laid by for two hours, at the end of that time it was fastened on with adhesive plaister, and perfect union and vitality was restored.

We learn that a distressing accident occurred at Harpers-Ferry on Tuesday last, by which a carpenter (whose name we have not heard) fell from the top of the house now building by Messrs. Russell and Fitzsimmons, and was instantly killed.

ACCIDENT.—Mr. Samuel Gray, of Berry Township, Columbia county, Pa. was returning from Pottsville with his team, on Saturday last; when near Turbutville, in endeavouring to alight from the wagon, he fell, and the wheels passed over his breast, which killed him instantly.

ANOTHER MURDER.—The Lancaster Herald of Friday last, says:—On the night of Thursday, the second inst. a man named Kautman, was so severely beaten by another named John Albright, as is supposed to have caused his death on the Sunday following.—Albright has been arrested, and is now in jail.

The elegant new corvette "United States," Capt. Dekay, sailed from New York on Friday last, for the Black Sea. The ship was built by H. Eckford, Esq., who, we understand, has taken passage in her for Europe.

POLICE.—His Honor the Mayor was yesterday cited to appear at the Police Office, on a complaint for some violation of the law for sweeping the streets, in front of a lot belonging to him in the upper part of Washington street. We understand that his Honor, like a good citizen, paid his fine without hesitation.—*Alb. Dai. Adv.*

FORGERY.—Yesterday a young man who has been for some time a student in a respectable Lawyer's office, presented a check for $1,500 on the Bank of America, purporting to have been drawn by a respectable firm in Pearl street. The forgery was instantly discovered at the Bank, and the person who attempted to pass it was given in charge to Mr. Benjamin Hays.—*N. Y. Courr.*

The Easton Whig of Friday says:—Last Sunday morning was found afloat in the Delaware, opposite Kensington, a box containing two infant children, dead. They were packed among shavings, and the box was nearly full of water—it is not known whether they were alive when put into the box.

UNION CANAL.—90 boats descended the Reading Locks during the week ending on Friday morning, chiefly freighted with lumber, grain, flour and whiskey; and 64 boats ascended, 27 of which contained cargoes of merchandize, salt, fish and plaster. The remainder empty.

It is stated in the Salem (Mass.) Mercury, that Joseph Peabody, Esq. of that town, pays about one-tenth of the whole taxes of the town, and that he employs and supports about one-tenth of the population. Mr. P. is an extensive merchant.

Since the determination of the Directors of the Ithaca and Oswego Rail-road to proceed to its construction, real estate has advanced very rapidly in the village of Ithaca. An acre of ground, not in the centre of the village, which cost a short time since but a few hundred dollars, has recently been sold for $4500, and will, when cut up into building lots, afford a handsome profit to purchasers.—*Alb. Dai. Adv.*

The slave Elijah, on Saturday afternoon, between four and five o'clock, underwent the dreadful punishment of the law, for having wounded, with intention of killing, Mr. Kandely. A negro lad, about sixteen years old, formerly a companion of Elijah, was so much shocked at the fate of his companion, that he took spasms and died in a few hours.—*New Orleans Mercantile Advertiser.*

The Boston City Guards, under the command of Captain Kinsman, arrived at New York on Monday morning, in the steamboat Napoleon, from New Brunswick. They were met, on landing, by a detachment from the 25th regiment of artillery, being the 7th company of National Guards, commanded by Captain J. N. D. Wykoff, by whom they were escorted to the Washington Parade Ground, in Fourth street, which place has been granted to them during their sojourn.

The steam-boat Western Virginia, one of the regular traders between St. Martinsville and New-Orleans, burst her boiler the latter part of last month, in ascending the bayou Plaquemine. We are happy to learn that no lives were lost, and that no person on board suffered any serious injury.

Twelve marriages were recently celebrated in Chesterfield county, Va. in the short space of six weeks. One parson did the whole work. It is reported that he got the dyspepsia from the unusual quantity of wedding cake and wine he managed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The packet FRANCOIS I. has arrived at New York from Havre with Paris dates of May 17. The New York papers give these brief paragraphs as the only ones worth transmitting:—

The Gazette of the 17th says, the electoral lists are completed. From the information we have received from various departments, their lists will not change at all the state of the extreme left, and of the members of the centre. On the other hand, the members of the Right not having all decided a repairing to the election, it is certain this party cannot do much for itself in the colleges. All it could effect would be to give the victory to the republicans or the Doctrinaires.—Either result would be equally pernicious.

ITALY.—By a decree of the 20th April by the Papal Government, all those who have left its dominions, with or without passports, who were concerned in the late Revolutionary movements, will be condemned, and the laws executed against them in case of their return.

The Austrian Observer announces that the revolt of the Albanians had acquired consistence. The insurgents had taken Sophia, and the Grand Vizier was shut up at Manestin by the troops of the Pacha of Scutari.

WARSAW, May 5th.—The head quarters of the Poles were advanced on the 2d of May. A report of the Commander-in-Chief of that date speaks only of insignificant skirmishes.

VIENNA, May 5.—The evening before yesterday, news was brought from Lemberg to the Aulic Council of War, that General Dwernicki, with 4000 men and 17 pieces of cannon, had entered the Austrian territory, and asked protection against the Russians, which was granted to him, according to the existing regulations. The corps of the General Rudiger, who pursued him, had passed to some distance over the Austrian frontier, and continued the engagement till the Austrian officer on the spot advanced with a squadron of Huzzars, and threw himself between the combatants to make them cease firing. The appearance of Austrian troops produced its effect; the Poles retreated into the country, and the Russians did not hinder or pursue them.

It seems that the frontier at Klebanowka, in the circle of Tampol, where the Poles broke into Gallicia, is not clearly marked, for General Rudiger afterwards sent an apology, founded on this circumstance, for having entered the neutral territory. At the first moment the arms were not taken from the Polish troops. It is not known what orders are given respecting the Polish fugitives, but we know that our prudent and humane government will not consent to give them up. It is supposed, with good reason, that the soldiers will be quartered by companies in the country, and that places of abode will be assigned to the officers in the provincial towns of Inner Austria. Meantime, measures are taken for the support and care of the sick and wounded, and nothing that humanity prescribes is neglected. The defeat of General Sierawski exposed Dwernicki, and placed him in a most critical situation, especially as he met with but few adherents in Volhynia. All Dwernicki's efforts to escape his very superior enemy during the last twelve days of their march, in which they were continually harrassed, (the Poles marched daily 7 German (32 Eng. miles) were in vain, when he found himself unexpectedly threatened by corps of General Roth, from Kamieniezez Podolski. Mercantile letters from Simlin, speak of a victory gained by the Pacha of Scutari over the Grand Vizier, by which the road to Constantinople, which the Pacha announced as the object of his enterprise, was open to him.

BRUSSELS, MAY 13.—"A second attempt of the French and Republican party to throw the city into confusion, and to excite the lower orders to acts of violence and pillage, has been completely frustrated by the precautionary measures of government, supported by the civil guard and regular troops.

The recent favourable intelligence from England, the increasing hope that Prince Leopold will accept the crown, while it raised the drooping spirits of the friends of independence and repose, carried despair into the hearts of those individuals whose political existence depends upon a prolongation of anarchy and confusion. Seeing that they have no chance of defeating this desirable combination in the walls of Congress, they resolved to carry into execution what they had planned to occur when it should be advised that of plunging the city into such a state of agitation and disorder, as would naturally disgust and prepossess Prince Leopold against the country. For this purpose the columns of their oracle have been filled with violent epithets and declamations against the minister who proposed the prince, who desires to accept, and the Holy Alliance, who supports the combination. For this purpose, large sums of money, coming from France, have been distributed among the lower orders and soldiers, and no efforts have been spared, either to inflame the one or to corrupt the other.

This important question is vitally connected, not with the independence of this country alone, but with the peace of Europe; and is no longer a mere matter of speculation, but an indispensable fact, reduced to the narrowest possible limit of space.

The Congress meets on the 19th. Unless the ministers are enabled to lay before that body, upon that or the following day, some decisive or positive answer—some documents by which they can prove that a few days must bring the negotiation to a definitive and successful termination, they must either resign, or, yielding to the national impulse, declare war on Holland.

The results of such a declaration require no explanation; they are self-evident. War with Holland must be a war of aggression. It is impossible, in this case, to suppose that England or Prussia would remain tranquil spectators; they must interfere. The natural consequence of such interference would be, a general conflagration; for to calculate upon the assistance of France is absurd. M. C. Perrier may lull our ministry into security, and sooth them with fallacious hopes, but it requires no spirit of prophecy to predict the final issue. In the present spirit of the French nation, it is not to be expected that they will co-operate in the dismemberment of Belgium. They will have all or nothing; and little doubt can be entertained that, if the sword be once drawn, the bars lootina will fall to their share.

Every person having the slightest acquaintance with the state of public feeling in this country, must be aware, that the question is reduced to one of two points, Prince Leopold or war.

It is reported in the journals that the British ministry has declined suffering any interference with Prince Leopold, and that they have left the question entirely to his Royal Highness's decision. This can hardly be true; for the time must come, when the nation will demand an account from government, relative to its foreign policy. If this opportunity of averting war be neglected, their responsibility will be immense. Absorbed, as the people of England are, in the all engulfing subject of reform, they have no time to look abroad; but, when the vital point shall be settled, and they are roused to a sense of the truth, by the announcement of a foreign and general war, they will not be slow to express their surprize, that the government did not support, with all its energy, a combination which is pregnant with so many advantages, not only to England, but to all Europe: for it is indisputable, that there is no medium between Prince Leopold and general war.

Mercantile Writing.

BOLD, free, elegant writing, such as the exigencies of business demand, taught on the surrounding action of the arm, hand, and fingers, mutually concurring in the execution.

The principal movement is that of the whole arm.
The second movement, that of the fore arm and hand.
The third and last movement, that of the fingers.

Each of these movements, its combinations and application, are deeply explored by an interesting process; the whole wrist and fingers become the human machine for writing, and the arm the propelling power. Therefore, the greatest expedience of character, freedom of execution, and facility of attainment, with increased success having attained general interest and attention, every expense and attention will be paid, to merit and sustain increasing patronage. Rules and lessons occupy the first of every month. Instruction in BOOK-KEEPING as usual.

T. McLANAHAN.

Commercial School of Philadelphia, 61 & 62 Arcade.

June 25—3*

20 Dollars Reward.

THE Widow of the Subscribers was broken open on the night of Monday, the 20th inst. and robbed of over one hundred dollars, some silver spoons, two pocket knives, and other articles. Two coats were broken open and almost cut to small change, and from two to three hundred cedar lathes thrown out.

The above Reward is offered for the detection of the thief or thieves, in their conviction.

J. & R. EDENBORN,

Corner of the corner of 13th and Montgomery streets.

June 25—1*

WANTED,

TWO apprentices to the Black and White Smith business—boys from the country would be preferred. Apply to Thomas Bird, No. 16 Bush street.

June 25—3*

We would again beg the indulgence of our subscribers for any omissions which the new carriers we have put upon several city walks, may make. We are exceedingly desirous that no cause of complaint shall exist, and we think none will, when the persons we have employed to carry the Post, become acquainted with the residences of our friends.

THEATRICAL ITEMS.

CHESNUT STREET THEATRE.—The drama of the Lady of the Lake, was produced at this house on Saturday—Roderick by Mr. Riley, and Fitz James by Mr. Isherwood. On Tuesday Mr. Allen made his first appearance in Goldfinch and Dr. Bolus. Mr. Murdock, the young gentleman who, some time ago, made a successful *debut* at this house, and who, more recently, has been performing in the south, with decided approbation, appeared on Wednesday, having obtained the house for a benefit. He appeared as Jaffier, in Venice Preserved, and as Didler, in Raising the Wind. Mr. Coyle took a benefit on Thursday, on which occasion he appeared as Richard the Third. Mr. Porter's benefit is announced to take place on Monday evening.

WALNUT STREET THEATRE.—Among the many novelties recently produced by the enterprising managers of this theatre, is a new drama, called the "*Wraith of the Lake; or, the Brownie's Brig*," which has been got up at much expense, and in a manner that certainly does credit to the house. The piece possesses more than ordinary merits, and is certainly interesting to the lovers of the drama. The scenery, painted for the piece, by Mr. J. R. Smith, jun. is truly splendid, and adds no trifle to the already well established reputation of the artist.

The successful Irish Drama of Kathleen O'Neil, will be performed this evening.

To Readers and Correspondents.

The Lines by "LOANDO" are received, and put on file.

The poetry from our fair correspondent, "MARIAN," is excellent, but we have some doubts as to its being original. She will recollect a circumstance which occurred a few weeks since, in relation to some verses bearing nearly the same title.

"CONSCIENCE," by J. W., shall have a place shortly.

OBITUARY.

Departed this life, at Salem, N. J., on the 20th instant, LUCY SMITH, of consumption. She was blessed with a strong mind and an amiable disposition, in which patience under afflictions, and fortitude during severe trials, shone pre-eminent. During more than twelve years of pain and suffering, in which the afflictions of body were such that she could rarely be moved, or even turned in bed, she was scarcely known to utter a complaint or breathe a murmur.

The subject of this brief notice had attained her 48th year, before Providence saw fit to take her to her eternal rest. She died as she had lived, piously resigned to her all wise and over-ruling dispensations. She lived as she wished to live—in the discharge of those duties which family and circumstance had placed upon her—in the active exercise of philanthropic and benevolent motives—in enlarging herself by her conversation, mind, and every department, to those around her, and in most strongly attaching herself to those whose connexion of family had placed more immediately in her daily sphere. Her loss is severely felt and deeply regretted—and yet, who that knows the heavy afflictions to which of late years she had been so constantly subject, and who that has observed her patience and forbearance, when the darkest clouds of suffering burst upon her, can regret her release from the world of sadness and sorrow—the vale of tears—when he knows that although his loss is great, her gain is infinite! even immortal life.

Lucy Smith lived indeed an example worthy of being followed—a pattern for her sex. She affords a most beautiful instance of strength and fortitude under intense suffering—of the peaceful life which those lead, who adhere strictly to the precepts of virtue and religion, and of the triumphant and glorious exit which those make, who follow their Divine Master through life—from childhood to age—and under circumstances, unprepossessing in their appearance, by providence. May many emulate her deeds, and be alike successful in holding out to the end!

Died, on the 22d inst. at his father's residence, in Lombard street, near Tenth, CHARLES W. WILSON, son of the very discreditable disease, which he bore with christian fortitude and resign

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.

From the Boston Centinel.

A SKETCH.

I met a youth some time ago,
Her age, perhaps, eighteen,
He had an air and bend a back
As ever man I've seen.
He stuck a stock beneath his chin,
He combed and curl'd his hair,
And ever as he march'd about,
His cry was "*Vive la guerre.*"

I saw a most romantic youth
In spectacles and shoes,
Who never smok'd a bad cigar,
And never had the blues,
And every night that man'd him by
Threw out a glance or bow,
He bow'd, and smil'd and caught the bait,
And murmured "*Vive l'Amour.*"

I saw another gentleman
Before a tavern-door—
He set him down and drank his glass,
And lighted his cigar.
And louder—louder rose his voice,
As higher rose the sun,
And while his blushing cheek took fire,
He shouted "*Vive la vin!*"

* * * * *

Some years pass'd on—I saw the fine—
That he, save his moustache
For vanity a knack and curly pate
He gotten for his pains.
The Cossacques had sang'd his eye,
The Lancers' Corps had done
Some mischief points him about—
And so his course was run.

I saw the second, and I thrill
That Zeal had been crucified—
He told me that he never smok'd,
But din'd on water gruel.
You've seen the watch patrol the streets—
He slowly did he march—
I gaz'd upon the skeleton,
And muttered "Such is love!"

I saw the third come down the street
Quite at the jig zag style—
He tried to make a human bow,
And smile a Christian smile.
Wo for his perpendicular!—
It was Reeves' stone—
He slept—a brick hat at his heels.
And 'neath his head a stone.

I hasten'd home, and sigh'd no more
To join the bandy fight—
To wash about restrain'd in love,
And take cold in the night.
I vow'd I'd never drink a drop,
At beauty never look—
But swore to lose philosophy
And conscience my book.—F. A. D.

We remember to have seen, says the New Harmony paper, not a hundred miles from the city distinguished by "the learned Pothgucse," as the Athens of America, a sign, over a nail factory, in these words:

"NAILS MAID HEAR.

The following notice, therefore, "not being the worst may stand in some rank of prime." It was put up at a store door in this town, a few days since, and is copied to the word and letter, with the exception of the signature. Let us have schools! Let us have schools!

NOTICE.

I for BeD ones person traden
With me Woman She has not
sence mself to stand for hir Self
nor no Barley eis
) will not Stand GooD for none
of her contrak
from this Date October the 24 1839

AN INDIGNITY.

A medical man, who had just returned from setting the broken leg of an Arab, gave the following anecdote:—"The patient," said the doctor, "complained more of the accident which had befallen him, than I thought becoming one of his tribe. This I remarked to him, and his answer was truly amusing. 'Do not think, doctor, I should have uttered one word of complaint, if my own high-bred colt, in a playful kick, had broken my leg; but, to have a mare brother by a brute of a jackass is too bad, and I will complain.'"—*Sketches of Persia.*

NARROW ESCAPE.—TWO PATIENTS.

The late Dr. Perdyce, whom Mr. Abernethy and some others, in our time, seem to have taken for their model, was a clever physician, with an eccentric character, and the first (to our knowledge) who undertook to distinguish himself from his brethren of the faculty, by a startling abrupt manner, and by superintending, on great professional state, (instead of extreme sleek plausibility and an imperturbable confidence of approach) the gruffest points of address, and the roughest and most repulsive manners. He sat with his friends, over his wine, till the clock struck nine, and then, saying "Gentlemen, I leave you to the bottle," retired to finish his evening more to his taste, at a tavern, where copious libations of brandy and water gratified the acidity of the claret. One night, having sat late and long, he was called away to attend a lady in labor of reality, who was taken suddenly and unseasonably ill. Having got to the house as well as he could, he was shown up into the bedroom, where, having sat the proper time and felt the patient's pulse he proceeded down stairs to write the prescription. But here the *quantum suffici* of the brandy and water prevailed over the quasi *suff.* of the apothecary's tinctures and powders. Being quite overcome, he gave up the attempt, and, pulling out his pocket-book and tearing a leaf upon the chimney piece, that the Italian smoke from his nap, and running to the spot in his gown and slippers, began to chide them in so severe a strain that the laughter immediately caused silence was restored, the veils drawn again over their faces, and in the slow and solemn step with which they entered, the whole party marched off the premises, leaving me in a state of a person just awakened out of a most extraordinary dream.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

"Who comes there?" said a sentinel to a person coming near his post. A friend" softly said a timid voice. "Advance and give the parole." The same soft, timid voice, said, "Love." "Love," said the sentinel, "is not the parole, and you cannot pass. It is more than my life is worth to permit you to pass." "Indeed, this is cruel indeed, not to allow a sergeant's wife to pass, to take, perhaps, her last farewell. I beseech you to let me pass ere the morning's battle takes place; let me spend this night in his company. I have travelled forty miles to see him." "Pass, friend: all's well." It proved her last farewell.

Qu.—Why is a Norfolk dumpling like the overture to *La Dame Blanche?* Because it is a composition of *Boildieu.* (Boil'd dough.)

A COQUETTE.

Do you see in that drawing-room a little woman with dark brown hair, an arch and lively eye, with a smile which Venus herself might envy? Her dress of white crape is falling off her shoulders, and her wreath of roses across her forehead, appears as if chance alone had placed it there! She is encircled by homage and flattery: she draws all mankind towards her, and every thing around her seems replete with charms: each line in her face seems to render every one pleased with himself. If an old officer draws near, she discourses on valour, and boasts of the glory of Bridgewater and New Orleans, as she passes over her forehead her rosy fingers. Does a young student appear to listen to her, who has made himself conspicuous by his oratory, she extols, above every other gift, that of eloquence, and eulogizes the talents displayed at the bar, as she carelessly advances forward a little first, modelled by the graces. A young man, something of a philosopher, has just repeated some cold maxim, and she directly speaks in admiration of the wisdom of Solon, while she discovers a smile which would have inspired the lyre of Anacreon. Never, in a word, was a coquet so perfect in the part she is playing; never did a woman unite together more powers of seduction, with more certainty of pleasing; fascination in her smile, query in her looks; she appears—yet she does not deceive any one, for she sports with her attractions, as a child plays with the toys or flowers: it is by the same arms that she draws towards her, and repels every attack of gallantry, and, under this three-fold rampart of coquetry, her heart, in appearance trifling and cold, conceals the sigh which is breathed for one alone, while her lips bestow smiles on a thousand others.

But do not let us follow that coquette with the blue eyes; when retired to the solitude of her chamber, she takes her mirror from her hair, and unties her sash. Perhaps, then, a tear dims the lustre of her eyes, heretofore so brilliant. Perhaps, a bitter smile passes over those lips, that appeared, a short time ago, so bewitching! Here she is about to take up a book: all the wretchedness of her character; but here we ought to finish the picture, it belongs not to the pen of a friend to unveil the heart of another. We ought only to study the science of knowing how our coquetry may be reckoned a virtue, and using ourselves a certain degree of dissimulation in society, so as to conceal the weakness of our hearts, and letting one to know the empire he may have over them, which would be much more dangerous than *that* he ought obtain over our imagination.

RIDING FOR DYSPEPSIA.

As we said whilom that riding a hard-trotting horse was "the sovereignest thing in the world," for the Hyp, so we now take the liberty to declare that riding a gently-trotting horse is the best thing in the world for Dyspepsia. This may sound like a bold assertion, in the very face and eyes of Mr. Hunter's book; but we repeat it, and if any dyspeptical reader of ours lies any doubt on the subject, we advise him to make trial of the remedy.

It is not mere tossing up the stomach which is required; the whole system must be stirred along with it. The body must be invigorated, the flagging spirits must be roused. The stomach is merely, as it were, a sort of vice president of the system, and can do but little without the aid of all the rest. If the body in general be vigorous, there is little danger of the stomach being weak. The whole must suffer, or enjoy together. When the body is strong and active, the stomach is lively and vigorous—ready to do its work, and prepared to digest every thing that the palate delights in, even though it be hoed nails, boiled cabbage, toasted cheese, hard eggs, or heavy bread.

Exercise in general tends to invigorate the body, and by that means to improve the stomach. But of all kinds of exercise, none is so efficacious as riding on horseback. It stirs the system most judiciously; it excites the bodily action without inducing any injurious fatigue. But wherefore use many words?

Make trial of the remedy, dyspeptics, whoever you are—we mean such as are in want of something more active than your ordinary habits. Ride a few miles to-day, and see what effect it will produce. Ride again to-morrow in the same way; repeat it the next day; and, in short, keep riding. There is pleasure as well as profit in it. But to have your stomach whipped and cuffed because it is feeble and cannot execute its task, in unkind, is unjust. As well might a master whip a poor sickly boy, because he cannot perform the labour of a stout and healthy one.

Get you a gentle spirited horse—borrow or buy—one that will trot easy, rack fairly, or canter judiciously. A thorough-going racker will amr you up most completely. But either kind will answer. Ride every day before dinner; ride ten or a dozen miles at a heat. Follow it up; and, depend upon it, you will dine agreeably, sleep comfortably, wake in the morning in the possession of soundness and spirits than you have been accustomed to do; and conclude, after all, that this world is not nearly as bad as it might be.—*N. Y. Constellation.*

THE PHILOSOPHICAL APPLE WOMAN.

It is nonsense to talk of "the learned" as being the only wise part of mankind. There is many an unlettered fellow who can turn his wits to better account than a professed, book-learned man. Not one in a thousand of the cradle who has handy wisdom enough to go in when it rains; nor that we are altogether of honest Dogberry's opinion, 'to write and read comes by nature,' but the truth is, a man may have a shrewd noddle who never figured among the knowing ones.

I was led into these reflections by contemplating, the other day, the philosophical demeanor of an ancient apple woman on Long Wharf. This relic of the olden days has kept her station there with her vendibles of fruit and gingerbread, time out of mind, and save diurnal locomotions at morning and evening, she is as much a 'part and parcel' of the Boston Pier as one of the posts. She has an absolute community from all the vexations, ruba and crosses which are a part of the municipal economy. Constables do not venture to be saucy to her; Aldermen cradle their manners before her; truckmen dare not jostle her; hand-cartmen are mannerly, and auctioneers dumb in her presence.

She was talking with one of our principal merchants, who sighed grumbling of hard times.

"Terrible times, Mrs. ——, terrible times; people are failing; no money, don't know what we are all coming to."

"Terrible times, indeed, Mr. Snatchcopper. Is that your ship yonder?"

"Yes," said she has cost me a monstrous sum. I have mortgaged all my real estate, and hired money to build her."

"That's an excellent plan, Mr. Snatchcopper. Every man would not have shown so much prudence."

"Yes, yes, I am obliged to pay an enormous interest for the money; but then I expect the voyage will bring me in at least fifty per cent."

"Really, Sir, that is a magnificent prospect; and when you have it pocketed all this profit, what will you do with the money?"

"I mean to speculate in real estate, and build a lot of houses which shall clear me twenty-five per cent. upon the capital."

"And when you have got the money—as of course you will, making such nice calculations—what next?"

"Then I will put it into manufacturing stock and make twenty-five per cent more."

"And then"——

"And then I will invest it in the rail road stock which will be just about ready to be taken up. I shall clear thirty per cent. more by it." "And then"——

"And then I will commence underwriter, and in a short time double the whole."

"And then, Mr. Snatchcopper, after you have made fifty per cent. by the voyage, and twenty-five per cent. by the real estate speculation, twenty-five per cent by the manufactures, thirty per cent. by the rail road, and double the whole by underwriting, what will you do with the grand total?"

"Put it into the funds and live on the interest."

"How much are you worth now, sir?"

"They say I am worth three hundred thousand dollars."

"All of which you are risking upon this chance?"

"Yes, I really think it a great plan."

"So do I, Mr. Snatchcopper; but how did you contrive to raise the money so quick for this undertaking?"

"Oh! only by endorsing for a few of my friends, all safe enough."

He had hardly said this, when some one came running up—Oh! Mr. Snatchcopper, have you heard the news? Three failures! P——, and Q——, and X——, all gone to the devil."

"Mercy on me,' exclaimed Mr. Snatchcopper, 'then I am ruined: I have endorsed for them all.' So saying, he was off like a flash of lightning.

"There" said the philosophical apple-woman, 'that is the way it has gone these fifty years! Empires are overturned, and fortunes go to ruin, but my table keeps on its legs. I *spin no projects!*"

THIN SHOES.

Caligula once wished that the Romans had but one head, that he might strike it off at a blow. Had the power of the Roman Emperor, I would exert it in a way more beneficial to mankind, or rather womankind. I would forbid under a heavy penalty any female appearing out of doors in thin shoes. Such is the influence of fashion, that for the sake of having, or appearing to have, a small foot, a lady will promenade the streets when the side walks are covered with ice, snow and water, and her own feet barely covered with shoes thinner than paper. No wonder that consumption is the lot, the untimely lot of so many of the young, the beautiful and accomplished of the American fair—no wonder that clad so lightly they are unable to withstand the inclemencies of a climate, against which the stoutest constitutions are not proof. Nature clothes the brute creation in garments suited to the season, but art dresses our ladies on a system diametrically opposite. Surely if the latter could examine the bills of mortality, and see how many of their number are the victims of fashion, they would be startled, if not admonished by the fact.

Every man should mind his own business: for he that meddles himself with other peoples good or ill fortune, will never be at rest.

YOUTH.—Here—while I roved, a heedless boy,
Here, while through paths of peace I ran,
My feet were tra'd with puny snares,
My bosom stung with insect-cares.
But ah! what light and little things
Are childhood's woes!—they break no rest.
Like dew drops on the sky lark's wings,
While slumbering in his grassy nest,
Gone in a moment, when he springs
To meet the morn with open breast,
As o'er the eastern hills her banners glow,
And veil'd in mist the valley sleeps below.
—*Montgomery's World before the Flood.*

SELF-IMPORTANCE.—Every man is of importance to himself, and therefore, in his own opinion, to others; and, supposing the world already acquainted with all his pleasures and his pains, is, perhaps, the first to publish injuries or misfortunes, which had never been known unless related by himself, and at which those that hear him will only laugh: for no man sympathises with the sorrows of vanity.

WHY CREAM COLLECTS ON THE SURFACE OF MILK. When a vessel of milk is allowed to remain a certain time at rest, it is observed that a stratum of fluid will collect at the surface, differing in many qualities from that upon which it rests. This is called *cream;* and the property by which it ascends to the surface is its relative levity; it is composed of the lightest particles of the milk, which are in the first instance mixed generally in the fluid; but which, when the liquid is allowed to rest, gradually arises through it, and settle at the surface.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia.*

WHAT MAY BE DONE BY INDUSTRIOUS HABITS.—Mr. Wesley, the venerable founder of the Methodist denomination, is universally allowed to have been an extraordinary and highly distinguished character. Whatever may be thought of his peculiar sentiments, no one can deny him the credit of truly apostolic zeal and benevolence in what he conceived to be the way of duty. For upwards of fifty years, he travelled eight thousand miles each year on an average, visiting his numerous societies, and presided at forty-seven annual conferences. For more than sixty years, it was his constant practice to rise at four o'clock in the morning, and nearly the whole of that period, to preach at five. He generally preached near twenty times a week, and frequently four times a day. Notwithstanding this, very few have written more voluminously than he; divinity both controversial and practical; history, philosophy, medicine, politics, &c. were all, at different times, the subjects on which his pen was employed. Besides this, he found time for reading, corresponding, visiting the sick, and arranging the matters of his numerous society; but such prodigies of labor and exertion would have been impossible, had it not been for his inflexible temperance and unexampled economy of time. Yet to suppose that he had no failing, or was free from faults, would be absurd; but after viewing his sufferings, and the extent of his success, with an unprejudiced mind, it is impossible to deny him the character of a singularly great and worthy man.

In 1791 he finished his earthly career, in the 88th year of his age. In the course of which time he preached near forty thousand sermons, and travelled about four hundred thousand miles.

LAST REMEMBRANCE.

I never more shall see thee,
Except as now I see
In musings of the midnight hour,
While fancy revels free!
I'll never hear thy welcoming
Nor clasp thy thrilling hand,
Nor view thy home, if e'er again
I hail our common land.

I have thee full before me,
Thy mild, but mournful eye,
And brow as fair, as the cold moon
That bears thy secret sigh,
There are roses in thy window
As when I last was there;
But where hath fled the matchless one
Thy young cheek used to wear!

Though parted, maid—long parted,
And not to meet again—
One star hath ruled the fate of both,
And seared our hearts with pain;
And though before the altar,
I may not call thee bride,
Accept a token of the bond
By which we were allied.

I've found for thee an emblem
Of what hath fallen on me,
A leafless bough that lately crowned
A lightning stricken tree,
Torn from the pleasant stem it loved
The severing scar alone,
Remains to show that ere it grew
Where it for years had grown.

For pledges of affection
I'll give thee faded flowers,
And thou shalt send me wither'd leaves
From Autumn's naked bowers:
The tears of untold bitterness,
I'll drink instead of wine,
Carousing to thy broken peace—
Do thou as much for mine.

Whene'er a passing funeral
Presents its dark array,
For thee, my maiden desolate
I will not fail to pray.
Beneath the quiet coffin lid
'Twere better far to sleep,
Than live to nurse the scorpion Care
Within thy bosom deep.

The midnight wind is grieving—
Its melancholy swell
Doth make it meet to bear to thee
Thy lover's last farewell;
Farewell, pale child of hopelessness,
'Tis something still to know,
That he who cannot claim thy heart
Partakes of all its woe.

OLD NEWSPAPERS.—Many people take newspapers, but few preserve them: yet the most interesting reading imaginable is a file of old newspapers. It brings up the very age, with all its bustle and every day affairs, and marks its genius and its spirit more than the most laboured description of the historian. Who can take a paper dated half a century ago, without the thought, that almost every name there printed is now cut upon a tomb-stone, at the head of an epitaph. The doctor (quack or regular) that there advertises his medicine and their cures, has followed the sable train of his patients; the merchant who could insure his ships could get no insurance on his life; and the actor who could make others laugh and weep, can now only furnish a skull for his successor in Hamlet.

It is easy to preserve newspapers, and they will repay the trouble: for like that of wine, their value increases with their years; and old files have been sold at prices too startling to mention.

A CUNNING COBBLER.

A knight of the awl had promised three customers a pair of boots by a certain time—he had just stock and time enough to make one pair. When the time arrived, one came in and was told his boots were almost ready, he might try one. "O" says he," this is three sizes too large." How unlucky—it was the best skin in my whole lot; however, I will make another pair for you next week." He had but just got out, when in came a second, depending upon his boots to go a courting next night. "I am just treeing your last boot. I worked nearly all night to besure and must not disappoint you—here, try that one on." "This boot! it 'aint big enough;—I swan, I can't get it a' near my foot,—how disappointed I am. I promised to carry Jane down to uncle Joe's tomorrow, and now I ha'nt a boot to my foot." Well, you are not more disappointed than I am—I am desperate sorry they do not fit. I don't see how I made such a mistake. Jonathan went off rather greuty, and in came the third, an animal called a Dandy—"Well, sir, I trust my boots are ready at the appointed time." "Certainly, sir." —He handed them. The dandy stood aghast: "I protest sir, I hope you do not intend to insult me! these boots for me, sir? why they are big enough for the foot of a clown—I could really, sir, introduce both my feet into one: you need not trouble yourself further, sir,—I shall buy me a pair at the fashionable boot and shoe-store." As soon as he was off, Crispin very deliberately kicked off his old shoes, and says, "who knows but they suit me, after all?" He pulled one on—it fitted as slick as a glove.

Burns was a man of brilliant wit, and it was always ready on every emergency—This has been proved by the numerous authenticated anecdotes told of this great poet. One of the happiest is the Grace or Blessing, before a dinner to which he was invited, (when the parson was absent) and was suddenly called upon to officiate. It is as follows:—

Some has meat an' canna eat,
An' some has nane wha want it;
But we has meat, an' we can eat,
And sae, the Lord be thanket.

SHOOTING THE DEVIL.

The Reverend Mr. Brodie, in a Kirk in Edinburgh, took his text from these words, "*Resist the devil and he will flee from you;*" and began in this manner. My beloved, ye are all here today, but wot ye wha is among ye, even the mickle horn'd de'el. Ye can'na see him. But by the eye of faith I can see him. But some of you will say wat shall we do with him now he is here?—How shall we destroy him? We will hang him. Alas! my beloved, there are not so many ropes in the parish as will hang him; he's as light as a feather. Then some of you will say, we will drown him. Ah! my beloved, there is too much cork about him; he will not sink. Others of you will say we will burn him; na, na, sirs, you may scald yoursels but ye canna burn him; for all the fire of hell could never yet singe one hair on his tail. Now, sirs, you canna find a way among ye all to kill him, but I'll find it. What will this be, sirs? We shall even shoot him. But wherewith will ye shoot him, will be the next question? We shall shoot him with the bible. Now, sirs, I shall shoot him presently. So presenting the bible as a soldier does his musket, he cries out, toot, toot, toot; now he's shot, there (pointing down) lies the old thief as dead as a herring.

An Indian, who was overtaken by a tremendous storm, some distance from the land, in his canoe, thus invoked the great spirit: "O! Goosky Goody, jis let poos Injun get on shore agin and he never as no more favors."

THE OFFICER, HIS WIFE, AND THE BAGGAGE ASS.

This interesting anecdote is taken from "A Visit to Flanders," and will give some idea of scenes that were passing during the memorable battle of Waterloo: "I had the good fortune," says the writer, "to travel from Brussels to Paris with a young Irish officer and his wife, an Antwerp lady of only sixteen, of great beauty and matchless innocence and *naiveté.* The husband was in the battle of Quartre Bras as well as of Waterloo, and to him I owe much of my minutest and most interesting information. He was living in the cantonments at Nivelles, his wife with him. The unexpected advance of the French called him off at a moment's notice to Quartre Bras; but he left his wife, his servant, one horse, and the family baggage, which was packed upon a large ass. Retreat at the time was not anticipated; but being suddenly ordered on the Saturday morning, he contrived to get a message to his wife to make the best of her way, attended by the servant and the baggage, to Brussels. The servant, a foreigner, had availed himself of the opportunity to take leave of both master and mistress, and make off with the horse, leaving the helpless lady alone with the baggage ass. With the firmness becoming the wife of a British officer, she boldly commenced on foot her retreat of twenty-five miles, leading the ass by the bridle, and carefully preserving the baggage: no violence was dared by any one to so innocent a pilgrim, but no one could venture to assist her. She was soon in the midst of the retreating British army, and much retarded and endangered by the artillery; her fatigue was great; it rained in water spouts, and the thunder and lightning were dreadful in the extreme. She continued to advance, and got up on the great road from Charleroi to Brussels at Waterloo, when the army on the Saturday evening were taking up their line for the awful conflict. In so extensive a field, among 80,000 men, it was in vain to seek her husband; she knew that the sight of her there would only embarrass and distress him: she kept slowly advancing to Brussels all the Saturday night; the road choaked with all sorts of conveyances, waggons, and horses; multitudes of the native fugitives on the road flying into the great wood; and many of the wounded walking their painful way, dropping every step, and breathing their last; every few steps lay a corpse or a limb; particularly, she said, several hands. Many persons were actually killed by others, if by chance they stood in the way of their endeavours to help themselves. And to add to the horrors, the rain continued, and the thunder and lightning still raged, as if the heavens were torn to pieces. Full twelve miles further, in the night, this young woman marched up to her knees in mud, her boots worn entirely off, so that she was barefooted; but still unhurt, she led her ass; and although thousands lost their baggage, and many their lives, she calmly entered Brussels in the morning in safety, self, ass, bag, and baggage, without the loss of an article. In a few hours after their arrival, commenced the cannon's roar of the tremendous Sunday, exposed to which, for ten hours, she knew her husband to be; and after a day and night in agony, she was rewarded by finding herself in her husband's arms, he unhurt, and she nothing the worse, on the Monday. The officer told the tale himself with tears in his eyes. With a slight Irish accent, he called her his '*dare* little woman,' and said she became more valuable to him every day of his life. I never saw a more elegant, gentlemanlike, young man; and assuredly his pretty Belgian seemed almost to adore him. It gave additional value to the anecdote, that I had it from the actors in the scene described. When I remarked that it was quite in the spirit of Elizabeth of Siberia, the lady exclaimed, '*Ah me were m'a dit la seme chose!*' "My mother made the same remark."

LORD BYRON.

During the earlier part of his youth, his then very limited revenues were soon exhausted by his extravagant expenses in London—a city by the by responsible for the ruining houses.—He had borrowed so much from the usurers, that none were found to be humane enough to advance him any further sum, at whatever interest he offered. One morning after a sleepless night, spent at one of these establishments in which he had lost all his money, he heard a coach stop before his lodgings, and soon after a young lady of rank, who had given him a proof of the most ardent affection, entered his room. She had a small basket in her hand, and, depositing it on the the table told him that, hearing of the pecuniary misfortunes he had met with, and fearing he might be in embarrassed circumstances, she had taken them to take them as proofs of affection. "Go, and take back with you," said Lord B. sternly, "your trinkets and money." I am not a man to be imposed upon by cant, and you know full well that you would never have brought such things to me, had you supposed me vile enough to accept them." Madam once being made before him of the strange errors of judgment into which a person may be led by the appearances of physiognomy, he observed, "men are young men, and may therefore derive benefit from this precept of mine: never give your entire faith to one whose eyes are grey." On its being remarked to him that his own were of that very color, he added, "Do not think I consider myself an exception to this, I might say universal rule, it would have been well for many, who have had to deal with me, had they been guided by it."

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

I was tossing myself with an awkward conjecture,
If I should be ever with Hymen enroll'd;
And truth had just read me a *terrible lecture,*
By whispering "George, you're entirely *too old.*"
Thank fortune, says I, with a smile on each feature,
I'll still from the shackles of marriage be free:
I turned, and saw, what?—why a lovely young creature,
I could swear, by my wig, she was looking at me;
With eyes like a sloe, and with form so enchanting,
She seem'd quite to give me the moments of feast;
She smil'd on me so, I thought nothing was wanting,
To make the sweet stranger an *angel* indeed;
She left me, but with her my happiness taking,
I strove to forget her but found it in vain;
Her image still haunted me sleeping or waking;
I long'd to behold her, and sought her again—
I found her, more beauteous, more gentle than ever,
And no wonder to obtain the dear creature we die;
She turn'd, (old that moment forget can I never,)
And in charming confusion again met my eye.
Addressing her, "friend" with a tone so endearing,
My poor heart in transport was melting away;
She exclaim'd only see how that fellow is staring—
'Tis the very old codger I met t'other day.

THE CASKET FOR JUNE.

NOW ready for delivery, the June number of the "*Casket, or Flowers of Literature, Wit and Sentiment,*" embellished with a an extra number of Engravings and Wood Cuts, viz:

Abbottsford, the Seat of Sir Walter Scott.
Two Engravings of Fancy Embroidery—a corner pattern and side pattern.
King's Palace, Pimlico, England.
The Piazza di San Marco, Venice.
Engraving of an ancient Coin of the U. S.
School of Flora—Pyrola Macalata, or White Pipsissewey.
And two pieces of Music—The Brigand's Love Song, original; and the celebrated Marseillois Hymn.

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Description of Abbotsford, the Seat of Sir Walter Scott, with an Engraving—*original.*
The Wheel of Fortune, by Mifford Bard—*original.*
Prize Tale—The Reclaimed, by Henry C. Murphy—*original.*
The Old Ferryman's Tale—*original.*
Improvement in Watch making.
The Honest Carpenter.
Embroidery, with two Engravings, the corner pattern and side pattern.
A Chapter of the Life of Pizzo—*original.*
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A Strain of the Days of Old—*original.*
The Orientalist.
The Pleasures of Solitude—*original.*
The Bride, by Theodore Hook.
History of a Diamond.
School of Flora—Pyrola Macalata, or White Pipsissewey, with an Embellishment.
Rebus.
Wit and Sentiment.

POETRY.

Margaret Skewsill—*original.*
Horace in Philadelphia, Ode XVI.
Lady's Fate.
To Lucinda, by Mifford Bard—*original.*
To Chloe, do. do.
The Magdalen—*original.*
To Laura, do.
Horace in Philadelphia, Ode XV.
Horace in Philadelphia, Ode XVIII.
Recollections, by Mifford Bard.
The Brigand's Love Song, set to Music for the Casket, by R. B. Hyner.
The celebrated Marseillois Hymn, set to Music.

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SEA BATHING.

THE large and convenient Boarding House, opposite Mansion House, raised by the name of the Mansion of Health, in the vicinity of Mount Holly, N. J., will be opened from the 25th day of June, for the reception of visitors.

The arrangements for boating, shooting, sailing, fishing, &c. have been prepared for the season, and will be attended to. The subscriber has enclosed by very ardent attention on the part of himself and family, to render their time (or expense as favourable as the hard times will admit of, and every thing around the house replete with charms; and he hopes his exertions to render every one pleased with himself. If an old officer draws near, she discourses on valour, and boasts of the glory of Bridgewater and New Orleans, as she passes over her forehead her rosy fingers. Does a young student appear to listen to her, who has made himself conspicuous by his oratory, she extols, above every other gift, that of eloquence, and eulogizes the talents displayed at the bar, as she carelessly advances forward a little first, modelled by the graces. A young man, something of a philosopher, has just repeated some cold maxim, and she directly speaks in admiration of the wisdom of Solon, while she discovers a smile which would have inspired the lyre of Anacreon. Never, in a word, was a coquet so perfect in the part she is playing; never did a woman unite together more powers of seduction, with more certainty of pleasing; fascination in her smile, query in her looks; she appears—yet she does not deceive any one, for she sports with her attractions, as a child plays with the toys or flowers: it is by the same arms that she draws towards her, and repels every attack of gallantry, and, under this three-fold rampart of coquetry, her heart, in appearance trifling and cold, conceals the sigh which is breathed for one alone, while her lips bestow smiles on a thousand others.

But do not let us follow that coquette with the blue eyes; when retired to the solitude of her chamber, she takes her mirror from her hair, and unties her sash. Perhaps, then, a tear dims the lustre of her eyes, heretofore so brilliant. Perhaps, a bitter smile passes over those lips, that appeared, a short time ago, so bewitching! Here she is about to take up a book: all the wretchedness of her character; but here we ought to finish the picture, it belongs not to the pen of a friend to unveil the heart of another. We ought only to study the science of knowing how our coquetry may be reckoned a virtue, and using ourselves a certain degree of dissimulation in society, so as to conceal the weakness of our hearts, and letting one to know the empire he may have over them, which would be much more dangerous than *that* he ought obtain over our imagination.

RIDING FOR DYSPEPSIA.

As we said whilom that riding a hard-trotting horse was "the sovereignest thing in the world," for the Hyp, so we now take the liberty to declare that riding a gently-trotting horse is the best thing in the world for Dyspepsia. This may sound like a bold assertion, in the very face and eyes of Mr. Hunter's book; but we repeat it, and if any dyspeptical reader of ours lies any doubts on the subject, we advise him to make trial of the remedy.

It is not mere tossing up the stomach which is required; the whole system must be stirred along with it. The body must be invigorated, the flagging spirits must be roused. The stomach is merely, as it were, a sort of vice president of the system, and can do but little without the aid of all the rest. If the body in general be vigorous, there is little danger of the stomach being weak. The whole must suffer, or enjoy together. When the body is strong and active, the stomach is lively and vigorous—ready to do its work, and prepared to digest every thing that the palate delights in, even though it be hoed nails, boiled cabbage, toasted cheese, hard eggs, or heavy bread.

Exercise in general tends to invigorate the body, and by that means to improve the stomach. But of all kinds of exercise, none is so efficacious as riding on horseback. It stirs the system most judiciously; it excites the bodily action without inducing any injurious fatigue. But wherefore use many words?

Make trial of the remedy, dyspeptics, whoever you are—we mean such as are in want of something more active than your ordinary habits. Ride a few miles to-day, and see what effect it will produce. Ride again to-morrow in the same way; repeat it the next day; and, in short, keep riding. There is pleasure as well as profit in it. But to have your stomach whipped and cuffed because it is feeble and cannot execute its task, in unkind, is unjust. As well might a master whip a poor sickly boy, because he cannot perform the labour of a stout and healthy one.

Get you a gentle spirited horse—borrow or buy—one that will trot easy, rack fairly, or canter judiciously. A thorough-going racker will amr you up most completely. But either kind will answer. Ride every day before dinner; ride ten or a dozen miles at a heat. Follow it up; and, depend upon it, you will dine agreeably, sleep comfortably, wake in the morning in the possession of soundness and spirits than you have been accustomed to do; and conclude, after all, that this world is not nearly as bad as it might be.—*N. Y. Constellation.*

THE PHILOSOPHICAL APPLE WOMAN.

It is nonsense to talk of "the learned" as being the only wise part of mankind. There is many an unlettered fellow who can turn his wits to better account than a professed, book-learned man. Not one in a thousand of the cradle who has handy wisdom enough to go in when it rains; nor that we are altogether of honest Dogberry's opinion, 'to write and read comes by nature,' but the truth is, a man may have a shrewd noddle who never figured among the knowing ones.

I was led into these reflections by contemplating, the other day, the philosophical demeanor of an ancient apple woman on Long Wharf. This relic of the olden days has kept her station there with her vendibles of fruit and gingerbread, time out of mind, and save diurnal locomotions at morning and evening, she is as much a 'part and parcel' of the Boston Pier as one of the posts. She has an absolute community from all the vexations, ruba and crosses which are a part of the municipal economy. Constables do not venture to be saucy to her; Aldermen cradle their manners before her; truckmen dare not jostle her; hand-cartmen are mannerly, and auctioneers dumb in her presence.

She was talking with one of our principal merchants, who sighed grumbling of hard times.

"Terrible times, Mrs. ——, terrible times; people are failing; no money, don't know what we are all coming to."

"Terrible times, indeed, Mr. Snatchcopper. Is that your ship yonder?"

"Yes," said she has cost me a monstrous sum. I have mortgaged all my real estate, and hired money to build her."

"That's an excellent plan, Mr. Snatchcopper. Every man would not have shown so much prudence."

"Yes, yes, I am obliged to pay an enormous interest for the money; but then I expect the voyage will bring me in at least fifty per cent."

"Really, Sir, that is a magnificent prospect; and when you have it pocketed all this profit, what will you do with the money?"

"I mean to speculate in real estate, and build a lot of houses which shall clear me twenty-five per cent. upon the capital."

"And when you have got the money—as of course you will, making such nice calculations—what next?"

"Then I will put it into manufacturing stock and make twenty-five per cent more."

"And then"——

"And then I will invest it in the rail road stock which will be just about ready to be taken up. I shall clear thirty per cent. more by it." "And then"——

"And then I will commence underwriter, and in a short time double the whole."

"And then, Mr. Snatchcopper, after you have made fifty per cent. by the voyage, and twenty-five per cent. by the real estate speculation, twenty-five per cent by the manufactures, thirty per cent. by the rail road, and double the whole by underwriting, what will you do with the grand total?"

"Put it into the funds and live on the interest."

"How much are you worth now, sir?"

"They say I am worth three hundred thousand dollars."

"All of which you are risking upon this chance?"

"Yes, I really think it a great plan."

"So do I, Mr. Snatchcopper; but how did you contrive to raise the money so quick for this undertaking?"

"Oh! only by endorsing for a few of my friends, all safe enough."

He had hardly said this, when some one came running up—Oh! Mr. Snatchcopper, have you heard the news? Three failures! P——, and Q——, and X——, all gone to the devil."

"Mercy on me,' exclaimed Mr. Snatchcopper, 'then I am ruined: I have endorsed for them all.' So saying, he was off like a flash of lightning.

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